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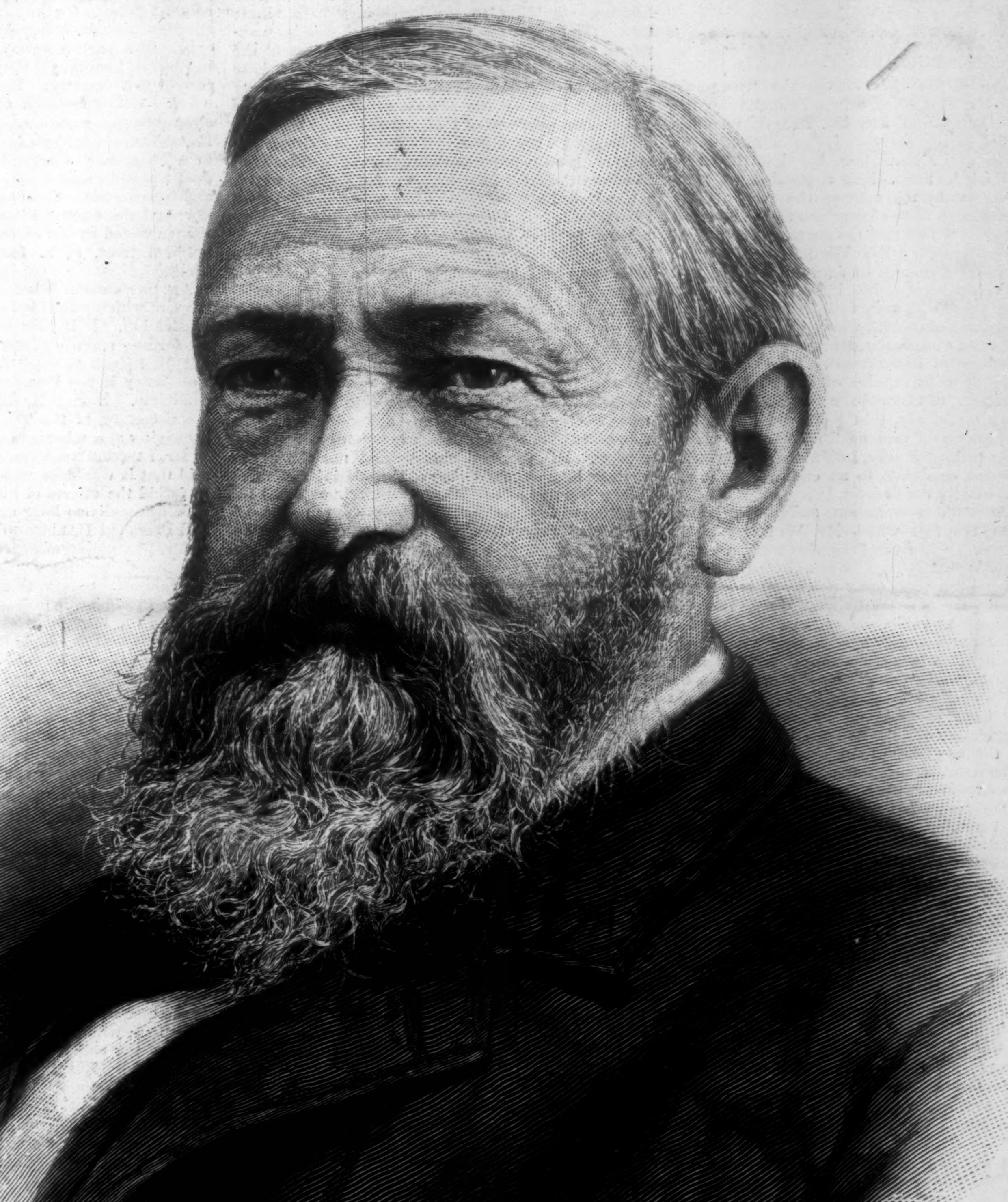

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & MCHUGH.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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"*A bound volume of* Harper's Weekly *is the best existing illustrated history of the year. . . . It should be in the library of every man who wishes to preserve a record of the world's progress and to refresh his mind about the course of men and affairs.*"—N. Y. Herald.

THE RENOMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE "man of ice" has beaten the "magnetic man." Mr. Harrison was nominated by the Republican Convention, and Mr. Blaine, who has been the idol of his party and was believed to be invincible in any Convention, has lost the great prize for which he has so long contended. The result was forecast by the vote on the previous day upon the admission of the delegation from Alabama, and by the evident fact that the name of Blaine had lost its old power over a Republican assembly. The Blaine movement seemed to many of his old and warm supporters inexcusable, if not worse. It was managed by those who were believed to be using his name merely as a club with which to beat Mr. Harrison, and whose advocacy did not commend him to more thoughtful Republicans. He had the further misfortune to be nominated in the Convention by Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, a free-silver Senator. As the boys would say, that was hard luck. The usual stage effects of prolonged noise, called cheering, did not avail. "Sonny, I didn't have the votes," said a defeated candidate to an enthusiast who explained elaborately the disaster.

Mr. Harrison's nomination suffers in honest minds from the fact which Mr. Wolcott stated with fiery wrath upon the floor, that there were 130 office-holders voting in the Convention. Under our spoils system, such votes are virtually bribed. This was especially true of delegates from many Southern States which give no electoral votes to the candidate whom his stipendiaries helped to nominate. It is not surprising that in a Convention so composed a proposal to insert in the platform a resolution declaring for a single term of the Presidency was not favored in the Committee on Resolutions, and the prolonged greeting of the nomination was less enthusiasm for the candidate than exultation over the opposing faction. Mr. Harrison is undoubtedly a good representative of his party. He is a high-protectionist, he favors a force bill, and he is sound upon the currency. He is a ready speaker, with an unusual gift for brief occasional speeches. His administration, while it is discredited with the circumstances of the appointment of the Postmaster-General, and with its violation of the pledges both of the party and of the President himself in regard to civil service reform, has been generally acceptable to his party, and the opposition to his renomination has come from those who wanted more patronage than they received. It is undoubtedly the strongest nomination that could have been made.

But the great event of the Convention is less the nomination of the President than the final defeat of Mr. Blaine. At the same moment he loses his chance for the Presidency and his public career ends. Eight years ago he was nominated amid immense acclamation, but also immense doubt. The next morning a breach in the party began, and it deepened and widened until he was defeated at the polls. It was a peculiar defeat, because it was personal and not political; that is to say, it was determined not by a change of political views upon the part of the Republican dissidents, but by a conviction that he had practically abused official opportunities. A nomination and an election eight years later he might have regarded as a reversal of that verdict. But now he will appear in our history as the man who broke the line of successful Republican candidates for the Presidency which began with Abraham Lincoln and was resumed after Blaine's defeat. Under all the circumstances, his disappointment must be as deep and sore as that of his old rival, Roscoe Conkling, when he sought to recover the Senatorship which he had thrown away. It would be well for the country if the disappearance of Mr. Blaine from the public scene involved that of his chief supporters in this supreme and fatal effort, Messrs. Quay, Platt, Clarkson, and Foraker. They return discredited to their States; and in New York Mr. Depew and Mr. Hiscock become the Republican leaders. Whether the Blaine downfall will injure Mr. Harrison at the polls, it is altogether too early to say. The President's re-election will depend wholly upon the strict party vote, and he could not spare sulking party chiefs.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, editor of the *New York Tribune*, was nominated for Vice-President. Mr. Reid is most favorably known to the country not only as the editorial successor of Horace Greeley, but as the late Minister of the United States in France, where his service made him a conspicuous figure in public life. There is no reason to suppose that he will not prove to be a candidate entirely acceptable to his party, and receive its full vote.

ONE TERM FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

THE circumstances of the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis have doubtless suggested to a great many intelligent citizens the wisdom of limiting eligibility to the Presidency to a single term. The bitterness of feeling which has been apparent was due largely to the consciousness of the opponents of Mr. Harrison that he was in a sense playing with loaded dice. "The perils to liberty that lurk in the power of public patronage," as the Republican platform of 1884 and 1888 truly declared, are evident when a horde of office-holders appear at a Convention to promote the success of the President to whom they owe their offices. A President who is renominated after a contest has a bar sinister upon his escutcheon. Unless the action is plainly spontaneous, as when Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Grant were renominated, there is an unavoidable feeling that patronage has largely controlled the result. In a timely article in the *North American Review* for June, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton points out with great force the "Perils of re-electing Presidents." In theory, he says, nothing seems wiser than the re-election of a President in public approval of his first term. But not only is this argument too elastic, since it will serve to cover a third and fourth term, but it inevitably tempts a President to electioneer for himself with the whole power of the patronage. His personal success, and not the public welfare, becomes the spring of the administration.

The framers of the government contemplated the question of the Presidency at every point upon which experience threw light. But the immense development of party and of executive power and patronage could not be foreseen. Re-eligibility was conceded, but Washington and Jefferson at once by their action wisely imposed a limitation to two terms. But, as we have advanced, the argument against three terms is seen to be equally valid against two, and the same patriotic good sense which has now decided immutably against three terms, is ripening to the conviction that one term extended to six years without re-eligibility is the best provision for the Presidency. This, indeed, has been the view of many eminent statesmen, and even of Presidents, who acknowledge a peril which they are not always strong enough to resist. Jackson advised Monroe to be the President of the whole country, not of a party, but he became himself one of the most absolute of party Presidents. Twice, however, he urged upon Congress the passage of what is called a one-term amendment. The elder Harrison pledged himself to a single term, and in 1842 Henry Clay declared it to be a principal object of the Whig party. In 1844 the Whig Convention that nominated him declared it to be inseparable from the public honor and prosperity, and Webster approved it. More recently Senators Wade and Sumner introduced the amendment, which dropped; but President Hayes renewed the declaration, and renounced in advance all aspiration for a second term, while the conduct of his chief officers in New York in 1880—Collector Merritt, Postmaster James, and Naval Officer Burt—was a pleasant contrast to that of the present Collector Hendricks and Naval Officer Willis, with a retinue of other officers, at the Minneapolis Convention. Of Mr. Harrison's supporters, said Mr. Thomas C. Platt, who is not a purist in reform, "one hundred and forty are Federal office-holders. Then there are hundreds of Federal officials here working for the President who are not members of the Convention. . . . The administration has all the power of the Federal patronage at its best, which is being used in the most open way."

President Cleveland, in accepting the nomination in 1884, stated, with great force, the reasons against eligibility for re-election. They are reasons which lose no strength by the lapse of time, and which Mr. Eaton's paper states fully and forcibly. It is the opinion of many sagacious students of politics that such a limitation is the root of civil service reform. This was Mr. Sumner's view, and in 1872, when the present reform movement began, he said that to succeed, it must include a single Presidential term. Mr. Eaton shows from the debates that one term was the original view of the Constitutional Convention from which its action was diverted by those considerations of adjustment and harmony to which so much sound provision is dangerously sacrificed. Still, even with one term, the President as a trustee of his party would be placed under tremendous pressure. The personal motive might disappear, but that of party would remain, and party is a ruthless despotism. If, however, with a single Presidential term we extend broadly the range of the classified service—a course to which the Republican party pledged itself in 1888—the perils to liberty that lurk in the power of public patronage will be greatly diminished.

UNWRITTEN LAWS.

THERE are many customs which, as they gradually become unwritten laws, must be supposed to have good reason. Nothing, for instance, is plainer than the purpose of the Constitution to secure to every Presidential elector his individual independence in voting. Constitutionally, the elector, without regard to his party sympathies, or to the action of any party, is to vote for the person whom he thinks to be most suitable for the Presidency. When the Constitution was adopted, party divisions, indeed, did not exist. But parties were in substance very familiar in English history, yet they were not definitely forecast in this country. The Constitution contemplated the entire freedom of the elector. But if an elector to-day should exercise that freedom, and a Republican elector vote for the Democratic candidate, or a Democratic elector for a Republican, his conduct would be universally regarded as dishonorable and treacherous. Custom has become an unwritten law, and the elector, instead of being a responsible citizen, vested by his fellow-citizens with the highest political trust, is, in fact, the merest mechanical agent.

Another custom is becoming a law equally imperative, of which recent incidents furnish a memorable illustration. It is now regarded as a dishonorable act for any member of the President's cabinet to permit his friends to work for his nomination for the Presidency if the President himself desires to be a candidate. During Mr. Lincoln's term, Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, was reproached for conniving at a scheme to secure his own nomination as Mr. Lincoln's successor; and recently it has been said that it would be monstrous for Mr. Blaine not to forbid the efforts of his friends to nominate him at Minneapolis so long as he was Secretary of State and President Harrison desired to be renominated. If Mr. Blaine intended to be a candidate, his honor was said to require his resignation as a member of the cabinet. Should this view be accepted as binding, a President, in selecting his cabinet, could not turn to the recognized chiefs of his party, who are always potential candidates, and who may become actually so as a change of administration approaches, and the country consequently must lose their services.

It may be said that, except for such an understanding an administration could not be harmonious, because every member would be "playing his own hand" for his own advantage. If this apprehension be valid, every distinguished leader, knowing that his acceptance of a chair in the cabinet would be a proclamation of his renunciation of the Presidency, would naturally prefer to decline. But why should any claim upon the Presidency upon the part of any citizen be acknowledged? No unwritten law as yet concedes a re-election to the President, and an incumbency of one term may well be considered enough for any President. The argument for the resignation of a member of the cabinet who desires to become a candidate is an argument for lengthening reasonably one term and denying another. For if the incumbent for four years has a claim upon the next four, which this view of the honor of the members of the cabinet implies, it should be distinctly recognized. But if it should not be wise to recognize it directly, it ought not to be acknowledged indirectly, and every other citizen within or without the cabinet should be equally free to seek the great office. Howbeit, it is a more patriotic spectacle when the great office seeks the man.

A LOSS TO NEW YORK.

The city of Cleveland, in Ohio, will be fortunate in securing for the head of its school department the late Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, whom it has invited to that responsibility. Of the peculiar qualification of Judge Draper for such a position we have often borne willing witness, and we congratulate heartily the citizens of Cleveland. But necessarily their gain would be a loss to New York. The departure of Judge Draper would be a signal illustration of the price that we pay for our foolish spoils system, and for permitting party politics to intrude into public business where they are wholly impertinent.

The office of Superintendent of Public Instruction in any State, especially in New York, is an office of the highest importance and responsibility. It is a position in which experience is, of course, invaluable, yet in which effective experience can be acquired but slowly. It involves the mastery of enormous detail, and the power of its incumbent, by rules and opinions from which there is no appeal, is very great. Force, tenacity, quickness of apprehension, and a certain masterful readiness, together with profound interest in the system of popular education, and a mind fertile in strengthening and simplifying it, are indispensable in a minister of education, and these Judge Draper has.

Other men have them also, and the successor of such an officer may have them, and certainly we are not disparaging Judge Draper's successor in New York. But, however accomplished a successor may be, he lacks necessarily the official experience upon the large scale—in this instance, experience in the largest State of the Union—which is inestimable. If death or private reasons deprive the State of such an officer, it is a loss to be deeply regretted. But if the State deliberately discards such an officer because his term has expired, or because of views that he entertains upon subjects which are in no way whatever connected with public instruction, the State makes itself ridiculous. It might as well dismiss a State Librarian because he was a Baptist rather than a Methodist, or the head of its Museum of Natural History because he preferred the allopathic to the homœopathic practice in medicine. Judge Draper was probably the best man in the State for the Superintendency of Public Instruction, and the State deliberately decides to lose such an officer and such a citizen because he probably approves a high tariff upon foreign imports. It would be ludicrous if it were not lamentable.

AN INSULT TO THE PEOPLE.

There is no greater outrage upon a free and intelligent people than to call a riotous mob like that which recently hung a negro in Port Jervis, in New York, the people. His offence was a crime for the punishment of which the law provides, and his pursuit, wounding, and hanging by a mob were worthy of Fiji Islanders. An American community disgraces its name when the punishment of any crime is taken from the hands of the law, and a maddened mob, like a wild beast, summarily wreaks its fury upon its prey.

During the war, at the time of the draft, when the worst passions of the worst classes in the city of New York were inflamed to fury, and spent themselves in the most dastardly crimes against the innocent and friendless, there were newspapers that actually described the bloody riots and slaughter, which were subdued only by the most resolute military force, as movements of the people. The authorities in Port Jervis, which alone represented the people in that community, were unable to keep the peace. The Mayor summarily dismissed a policeman for dereliction of duty, and although other policemen and citizens of the town did what they could to stay the purpose of the mob, their efforts were fruitless. One of the younger men was especially forward in the heroic endeavor. He removed the rope from the neck of the mob's victim, and attempted to reason with the furious throng, but they thrust him aside, and had their murderous will.

To call a band of such miscreants the people, is a monstrous slander. The distinction of a government by the people is the loyalty of the people to the laws which they enact. The people of Port Jervis were the citizens who denounced and sought to restrain the ruffians, not the ruffians themselves, even if they had been a vast majority of the inhabitants. In the true sense of the word, the people are those who represent the best character of a community, not the worst. The people in this country are the intelligent, industrious, law-abiding, patriotic element of the population, not a chance crowd of rioters and criminals; and whoever panders to anarchy by calling such a mob as massacred the negro in Port Jervis the people, has yet to learn the real significance of that name.

AN UNSEEMLY SPECTACLE.

It is not a pleasant spectacle, that of a President of the United States, commanding a patronage of the value of many millions of dollars, issuing orders directly or indirectly by telegraphic wires from the White House to a large body of office-holders in a Convention to promote his own renomination. There were reported to be 130 office-holders who were delegates or alternates, and a thousand office-holders were stated to be in Minneapolis. An alleged and not improbable telegram from one of his cabinet to agents in the Convention, stating that assistance to the President in securing the nomination would be gratefully appreciated and remembered at Washington, is a monstrous and scandalous outrage. Yet it is not denied that a special wire was laid from the White House to the Convention hall, and such a despatch was published as from the Secretary of the Treasury. It will be very surprising if the Minneapolis Convention does not deepen the conviction that a single term for the President is most desirable, were it only to prevent so unseemly an exhibition.

THE HILL REGULARS.

It would have been surprising if the regular Democratic organization in New York had been superseded without a sign by the new organization effected at Syracuse. That would have indicated a healing of the breach which would have been of the best augury for the party in November. But a breach like that which divides the Democratic party in New York is not less serious than the Republican difference which manifested itself at Minneapolis between the Blaine and Harrison factions. A party division which ends in a double organization in the State is the gravest possible, and it must be certainly taken into account when calculating the probabilities of the election.

The Hill, or regular, delegation met last week in New York, and upon the motion of General Slocum, resolved to vote for Senator Hill so long as he is a candidate in the Convention, or so long as he shall permit his name to be used as a candidate. It is said that he has decided to leave the withdrawal to the discretion of the delegation. The regular organization does not mean to yield without a struggle. Its tone is certainly not that of men who will withdraw voluntarily from the Convention, or who will share the vote of the State in the Convention with the new organization.

The Convention itself will not wish to decide between the two. The enrolment of the new organization will show the strength of the Cleveland sentiment, and the unquestionable strength of the regular organization will be no less evident. No Convention would care to judge between them, and the natural course would be compromise. But the grounds of compromise do not appear. The claim of the new organization is that the regular organization does not honestly represent the party. The only solution of such a situation by compromise is the dissolution of both organizations, and a combined appeal to the party to authorize a new one. But even if the feeling of the factions should permit this course to be taken, what would become of the representation of New York in the Convention of the 21st of June? The situation is a very grave one for the Democratic party of New York.

THE DELUGE OF FIRE.

A more appalling disaster has seldom occurred than the recent flood and fire in the oil region of Pennsylvania. The mountain streams are bordered with villages and oil tanks and works. A prolonged rain swells the streams to torrents. They sweep resistlessly along, undermining reservoirs of oil, which spreads over land and water. Some chance spark touches the oil, and instantly a deluge of fire pours through the gorges, and every object, every animal, person, house, village, mill, town, within the reach of this mingled death flood is destroyed. A more horrible scene cannot be imagined, and this was the scene at Oil City, Titusville, and the oil region.

The details have been amply told. The story of such helpless destruction is pitiful, and the thrill of horror which sweeps through the country is followed by one of sympathy and by efforts for relief. But prevention is hardly possible. The chances that exist in the conditions are all known. Great rains will bring floods, and the rest will follow. But the chances, although known, are willingly taken. Tanks will be built where the conditions favor; mills, houses, villages will be built; then the catastrophe, and the universal lamentation and horror, and such relief as is possible.

For such terrible incidents this country is becoming noted. The number and extent of fatal disasters correspond with the general American "scale." Whether they accuse our ignorance or our recklessness is not clear. Fire after fire consumes buildings of every kind, with shocking suffering and awful death. It is not difficult to erect fire-proof buildings, but they are not erected. A theatre, or a hotel, or a factory is destroyed, and there is a loud outburst of indignation and a demand for more stringent care; then a fresh interest in a new incident, and presently another fire. But nothing exhorts to prudential measures and laws like the calamities themselves. If they do not produce measures of prevention, no preaching of the pulpit or the press will avail.

PERSONAL.

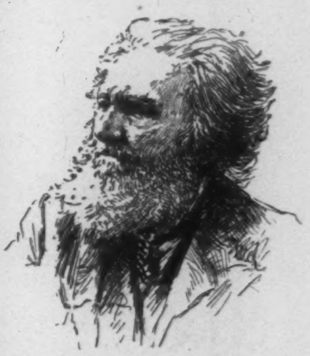
The growth of the city of Toledo has added very materially to the wealth of ex-President Hayes, who is now rated as worth nearly a million. Mr. Hayes's uncle, whose namesake he is, left him a large block of real estate in the city, and this property, when he entered the White House, was valued at from $300,000 to $400,000. Since that time it has largely increased in value, and yields to the ex-President a fine income.

—The French author Taine has a truly Egyptian fondness for cats. He has composed half a dozen sonnets to his favorite feline pets, and a friend familiar with his household says that the historian and critic may frequently be seen on winter evenings sitting on the floor with a cat in his arms, or again on his knees before an easy-chair, talking nonsense to one of his pets asleep there. M. Taine dislikes publicity, and remains by his fireside in Paris while his wife and daughter go out to balls or to dinners. He rarely receives an interviewer, and the public gets but little news of the personality of a man who, next to Renan, is perhaps the greatest Frenchman of the time.

—The late Lewis M. Rutherford was a scientist of distinguished attainments, especially skilled in astronomical photography. In his younger years he was admitted to the bar, and became a partner of Hamilton Fish, but his liking for scientific research soon weaned him away from the law. At home Mr. Rutherford was several times honored by Congress and by the President with appointment to scientific conferences, and abroad his reputation was very high. The French Academy of Sciences in 1887 invited him to become a member of the International Conference on Astronomical Photography held in Paris, and England honored him with an associate membership in the Royal Astronomical Society. He had, besides, been the recipient of medals, orders, and decorations almost without number.

—Colonel W. B. Remey, Judge-Advocate-General of the Navy, who has been retired with the rank of Colonel in the Marine Corps, is an Iowa man, and has been in the service since 1861. After two years of duty on the frigate *Sabine*, he was transferred to the Norfolk marine barracks, and in February, 1864, he was commissioned First Lieutenant. In 1870 he was appointed Judge-Advocate of the Marine Corps, and in 1880 Judge-Advocate-General. This office he held for nearly three terms, and his retirement is at his own request, under the law permitting such retirement to naval officers who have served continuously for thirty years.

—There are thirteen surviving widows of Revolutionary soldiers, and two of them, Nancy Rains, of Carter's Furnace, Tennessee, and Anna Maria Young, of Easton, Pennsylvania, are centenarians. The youngest is Nancy A. Green, of Napoleon, Indiana, who is seventy-four.



—It has been said that if Commodore William Wallace Hunter, who died in New Orleans recently, at the age of ninety, had not cast his lot with the Confederacy, he would have risen to be an Admiral in the United States navy, which he entered as a midshipman. His first naval service was under Porter, in the expedition against the pirates of the West Indies, but he received his real sea training under Commodore John Rodgers in the Mediterranean. On espousing the Confederate cause in 1861, he was stationed at New Orleans as Flag Captain, with command of the coast from the Sabine to the Rio Grande. Afterwards he had charge of the defences at Galveston and at Savannah, where he proved himself an able executive officer.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editor of Harper's Bazar, has just received the compliment of a degree from the University of Omaha. Hereafter Mrs. Sangster, whose popularity in the West has been increased by her services at Chautauqua Assemblies during several recent summers, will be entitled to write A.M. after her name. Mrs. Sangster, in conjunction with Mrs. E. P. Terhune, expects to hold a Woman's Council at the Monona Lake Assembly, Madison, Wisconsin, about the middle of July, thus turning to pleasant account a part of her annual vacation.

—A novel and interesting exhibition was held last week in Franklin Square, New York city, when a selection of articles submitted for the Harper's Young People "Worth-while" Competitions were placed on view. The competitions were divided into classes for work in wood, work in metal, pen drawing, painting, needle-work, reading, and photography. The exhibition was visited by large numbers of parents as well as young people, and the former very generally admitted that they were both surprised and impressed by the remarkable intelligence and manual skill shown in most of the exhibits. Naturally, with such young craftsmen, these qualities were more conspicuous than originality of design, though there were a few examples remarkable alike for originality of conception and intelligence in execution. The Harper's Young People competitions having proved so popular with the readers of that periodical, they will be renewed next year.

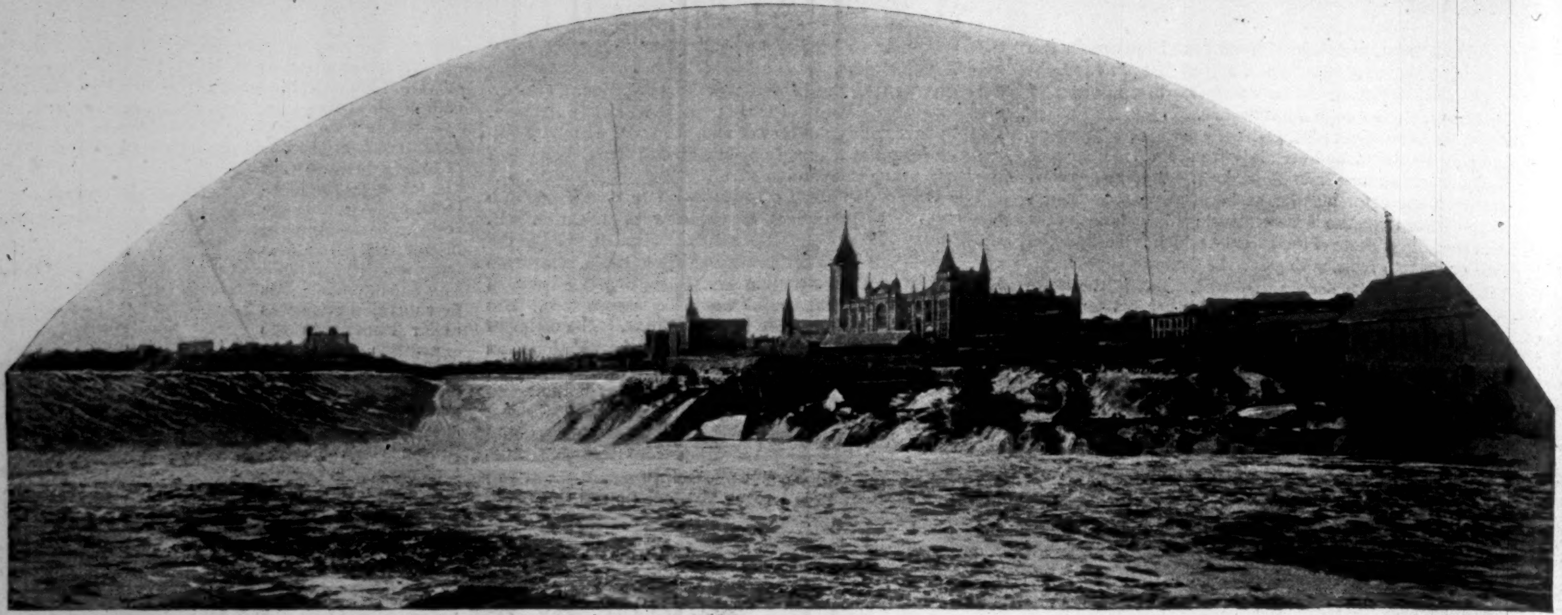
—It is said that Bishop S. M. Merrill, who was one of the most prominent of the delegates to the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Omaha, was the first man in the Church to be elevated to the Bishopric from the itinerant ranks. And despite his attested ability, he lacks the collegiate education which every other Bishop has received. One speech made his reputation, and that was delivered at the General Conference of 1868, when he presented the minority report of the Committee on Lay Delegation, and championed it with an eloquence that surprised and delighted the Conference. The future Bishop was at that time a rural elder, known to but few of the other delegates, and his speech was the sensation of the session. The Conference unanimously adopted the minority report, previously deemed a forlorn hope, and four years later the orator was made a Bishop.

—The composer Ambroise Thomas, now lying critically ill in Paris, produced his most famous opera, *Mignon*, in 1866, when he was fifty-five years old. Two years later he wrote *Hamlet*, but after that fourteen years elapsed before he composed another musical work of importance; his *Françoise de Rimini* not being produced until 1882. His musical ability manifested itself almost in the cradle, and when twenty-one he took the *Grand Prix* of the Paris Conservatory, of which, years later, in 1871, he became the Director, succeeding Auber. Physically the composer is a little man, but active and vigorous, and fond of out-door life.

—Residence in Washington, with its malaria and all, has wrecked the health of some public men, but President Harrison has been greatly benefited by it. He is now in excellent physical condition, and is said to look ten years younger than he did when he began his occupancy of the White House three years ago. His face was then sallow, his eyes dull, and his appearance careworn, but all these signs of physical depression have since disappeared, and his complexion is particularly clear and fresh. Much of this improvement in the President's health has been due to his persistence in taking a daily outing, either on foot or in a carriage, regardless of the condition of the weather.

—There has been a curious dispute among the biographers regarding the age of Grover Cleveland. By some of the campaign historians he is said to be fifty-seven years old, while others make him fully five years younger. Mr. Cleveland himself, in answer to numerous inquiries sent him some time ago, is reported to have given his age as fifty-five, though the old jest should be borne in mind that on this subject no man is really competent to give testimony. As for his birthplace, Mr. Cleveland first saw the light of day in Essex County, in New Jersey, in or near the little village Caldwell, on the mountain-top back of Orange.

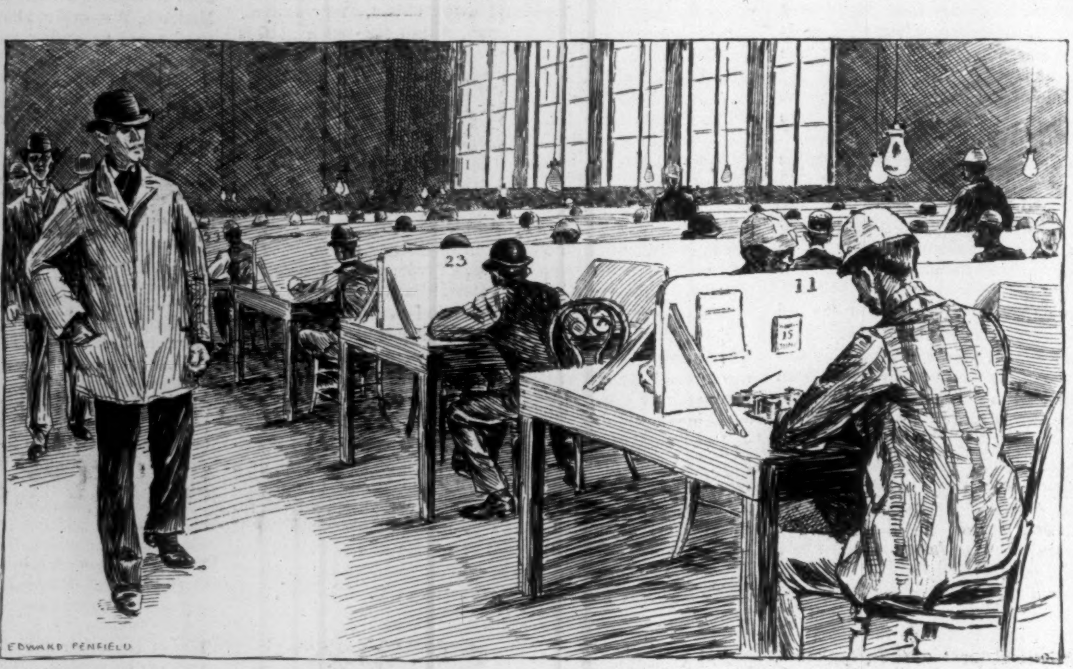
—The Earl of Onslow paid a flying visit to New York on his way home from New Zealand, of which colony he has been Governor for the last three years. Lord Onslow left behind him in the Antipodes a high reputation and an unquestioned popularity, earned alike by his able administration and by the lavish manner in which he and his wife exercised those hospitalities which are traditionally expected to a certain degree at "Government House" in an English colony. Lord Onslow is a Conservative in politics, and before going to New Zealand, held the office of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's government.



CONVENTION HALL, LOOKING THROUGH THE RAILROAD VIADUCT.

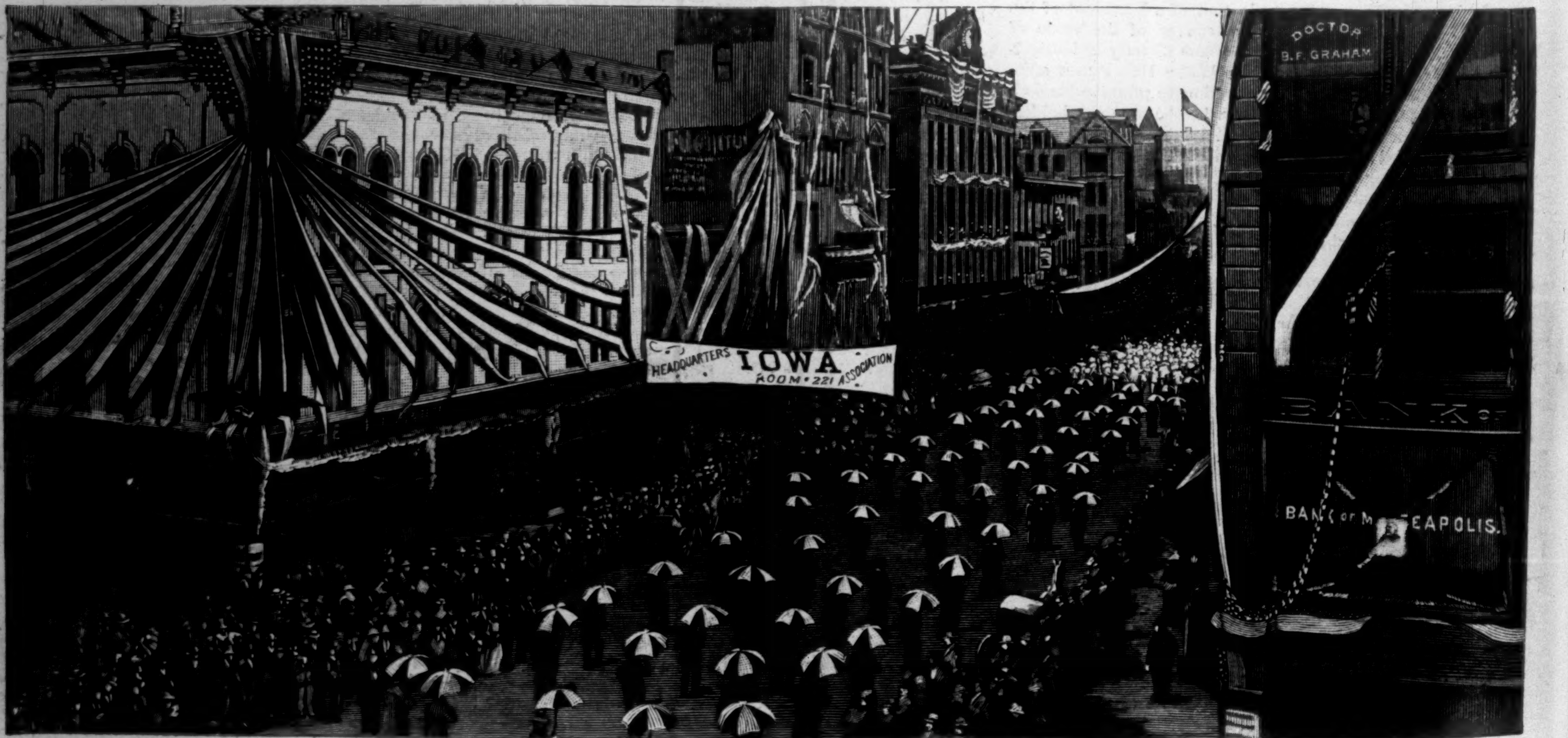
THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION.

It was on Saturday, June 4th, three days before the National Republican Convention was to assemble, that Mr. Blaine gave an entirely new aspect to all speculations upon the probable course of that body, and startled the whole country, by sending in to the President his resignation of the Secretaryship of State. The curtness with which the resignation was phrased, and the curtness of the President's reply to it, were accepted as proof of a rivalry, and even of an animosity, between the two men that was not recent. That it announced a rivalry with the President for the Republican nomination, and amounted to approbation of the promoters of the "Blaine boom," was not disputed by anybody. There were many friends of Mr. Blaine who expressed regret that it should have been presented at this time, upon the obvious ground that it was not honorable for a cabinet officer to work against the aspirations for a renomination of his chief, and that Mr. Harrison had reason in Mr. Blaine's official connection with him, to say nothing of Mr. Blaine's letter of last winter, to count upon at least his neutrality. This consideration was expected by many to work against the success of the movement to which Mr. Blaine himself gave so tardily and so publicly his adhesion. On the other hand, it was argued that the resignation would greatly help his chances in the Convention by creating the impression that he would not have presented it unless he had a very strong assurance of success. In spite of its startling nature, it is hard to detect that the resignation affected the result of the Convention in any way. When it was published on Saturday evening most of the delegates and all the leaders were already at Minneapolis, and the usual queer and subterranean "work" of a Convention was going on with great activity. Not a single conspicuous man came out for Blaine in consequence of the resignation who had not announced himself in favor of Blaine's nomination as before. Mr. Clarkson and Mr. New continued to issue the most confident and conflicting statements. There was an absolute certainty of the nomination of Harrison; there was an irresistible wave of enthusiasm for Blaine. The instructed delegates were the mere nucleus of the Harrison column; the instructed delegates were stampeded from their instructions by the wave, which was also a tornado, and not infrequently an avalanche. So the talk went in the hotels of Minneapolis, and was promptly put before all the readers of newspapers throughout the country. It continued as vague and as vociferous as at first, until the Convention actually began, and was of the deepest interest, perhaps, to the Southern Republican delegates, to many of whom a Convention is commonly supposed to have a most practical bearing, and who were supposed to be interested in producing a very close and bitter contest, where a single vote is of importance, and is likely to be estimated at a high value.

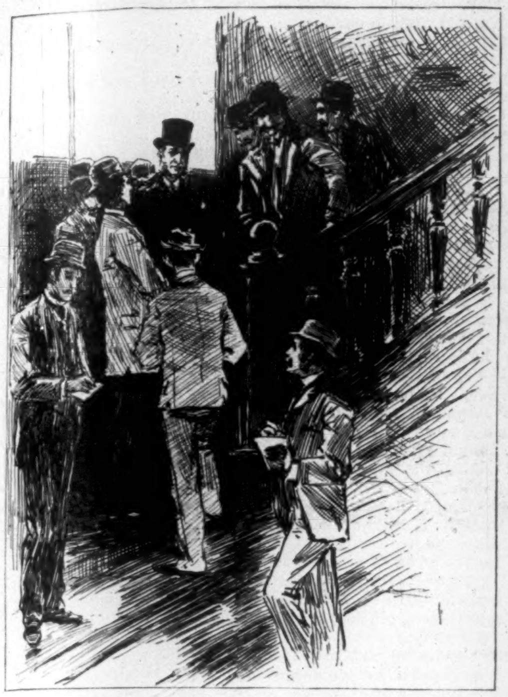


EXPOSITION BUILDING—TEMPORARY TELEGRAPH OFFICE FOR THE USE OF THE PRESS, WHERE ALL THE NEWSPAPER DESPATCHES WERE SENT FROM.

Sunday and Monday were passed in "work," which, so far as it came to the knowledge of the public, seemed to consist in very loose and boastful talk, and on Tuesday, at half past twelve, Mr. Clarkson, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, called the Convention to order, and nominated Mr. J. Sloat Fassett as temporary Chairman. The temporary chairman took possession of the chair with a speech which was, according to custom, a eulogy of the party, and a denunciation of the other party, the conduct of the war, and the extension and vindication of protection



THE ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES—MARCHING UP NICOLLET AVENUE TOWARD WEST HOTEL.—From a Photograph by F. E. Haynes.



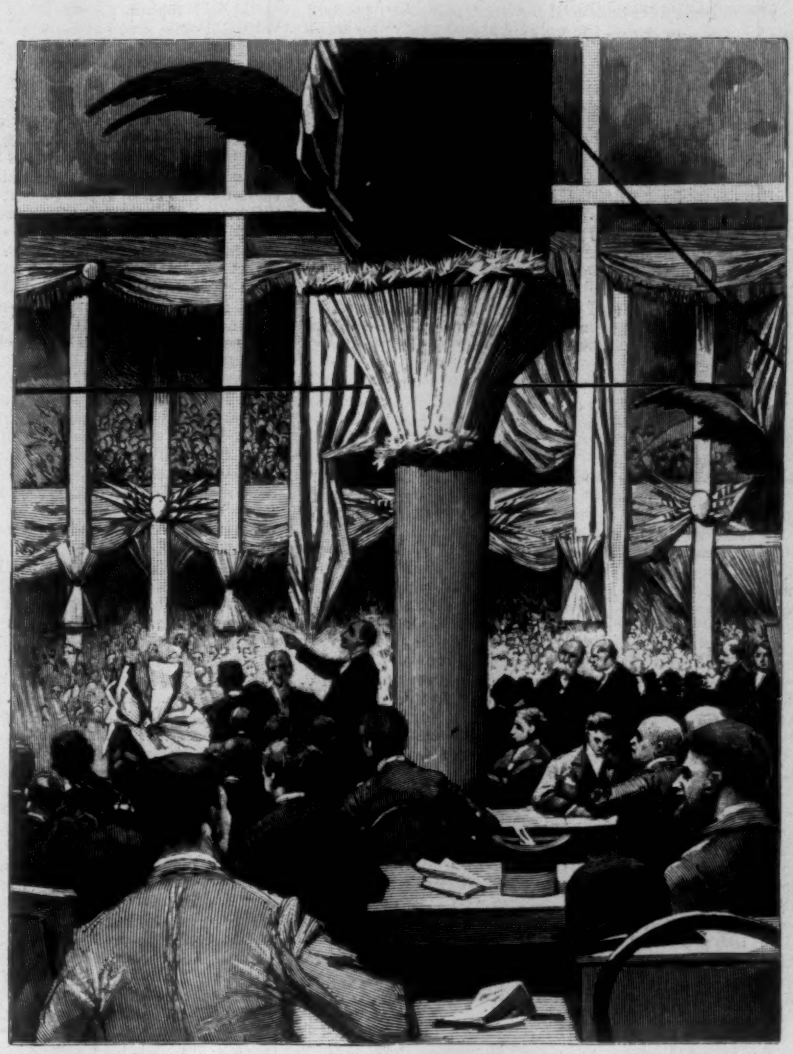
REPORTERS INTERVIEWING MR. DEPEW.
Drawn by T. V. Chominski after a sketch by T. Dart Walker.

being the achievements for which the Republicans were mainly praised, and the suppression and perversion of the suffrage, the performance for which the Democrats were chiefly denounced. Then the audience began to call for Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, who came down from the gallery to the platform, and made a few remarks laudatory of the party and expressive of his faith in its future. The appointment of the committees is the real business of a "temporary organization," and of these the Committee on Credentials (contested seats) and the Committee on Resolutions are the most important. When these had been announced, the first day's work of the Convention was over, and the "work" of the hotels was resumed, the workers being as confident and contradictory as ever since there had thus far been no test of strength, the choice of Mr. Fassett, a Blaine man, for the temporary Chairmanship not having been contested.

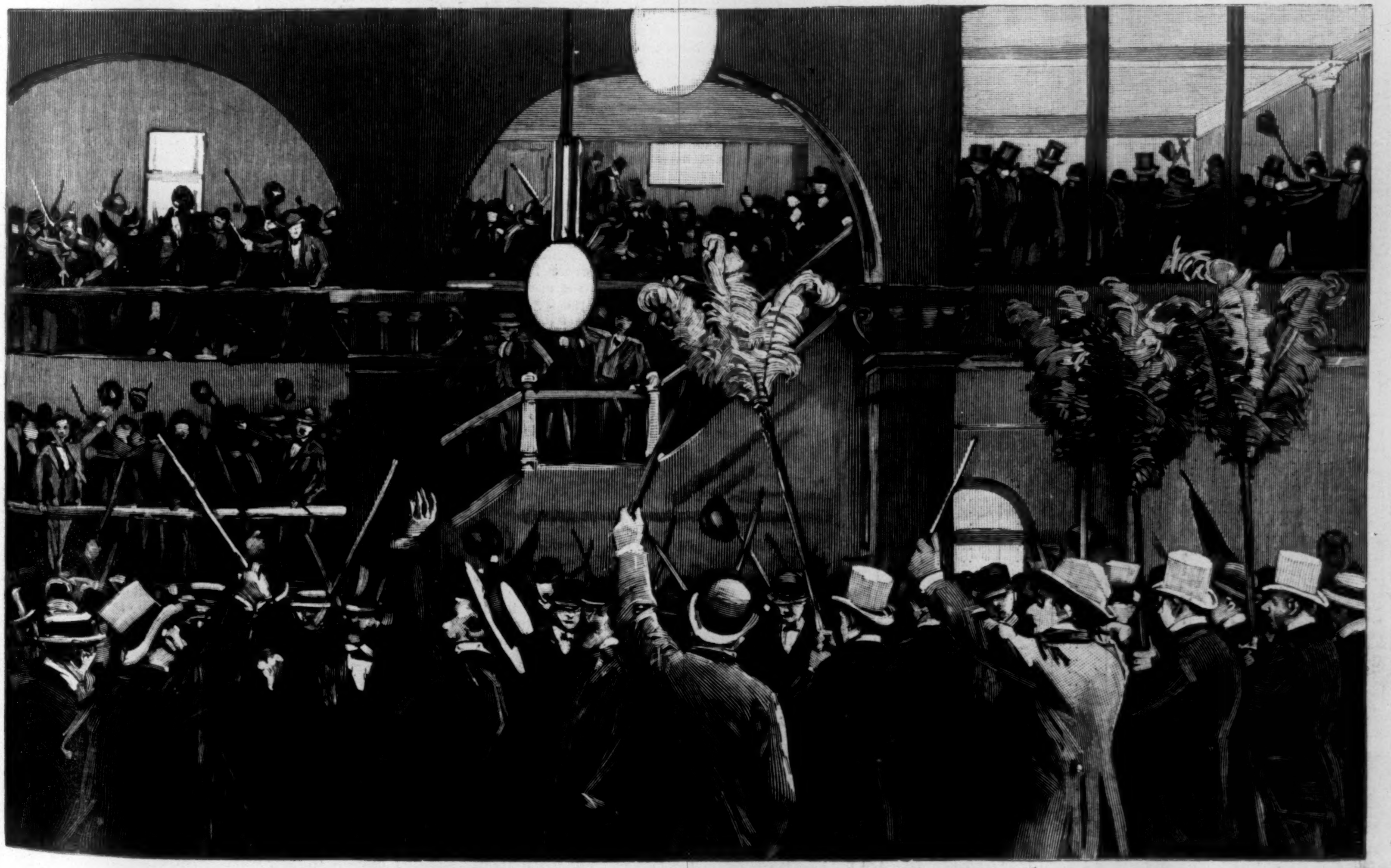
The second day was even duller than the first, so far as the proceedings of the Convention were concerned, for indeed they consisted of nothing but the selection of a permanent chairman. This was Governor McKinley, of Ohio, who was, of course, very warmly received, and who, equally, of course, made a speech of which the advantages of protection formed the chief theme, though he also inculcated the necessity of a free ballot, as Mr. Fassett and Mr. Reed had done before him. But neither of the important committees were ready to report, and the Convention adjourned, and the "work" continued; and the morning and the evening were the second day.

The third day being Thursday, something really happened—something important and, as it turned out, decisive of the temper of the Convention. It was not the report of the Committee on Resolutions, though, of course, that was important too. The Platform Committee had taken two days to prepare its formal statement of the claims of the party upon the confidence of the country. The first plank is upon protection, and the second upon reciprocity. The third is upon silver, and calls for an honest dollar and an international conference for a bimetallic standard.

The fourth is for "a free and unrestricted ballot," and denounces the suppression of the black vote in the South. The others are of less importance as issues, since the most hardened Democrats would not care to controvert most of them. The Democrats might, however, regard as controvertible the thirteenth, which "commends the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the laws regulating the same," and the twentieth and last, which commends the "able, patriotic, and thoroughly American administration of President Harrison." But the decisive event of the day, as it turned out to be, was the event of the evening session, when the Committee on Credentials made two reports—one Harrison and one anti-Harrison—and when the Convention adopted the Harrison report, in favor of which were cast 463 votes, or more than enough to nominate the candidate, it would be open to anybody who chose to do so, and who did not mind being laughed at, to say that some of these votes may have been cast judicially and upon the merits of the several contests. But the opponents of Mr. Harrison did not take that ground. They merely offered to bet large sums of money, which they produced, that Blaine would be nominated, and as it is not customary for gentlemen to put $5000 each in their pockets as a preliminary to talking politics, the bets were not taken. Lest the significance of the vote should be mistaken, however, it had a very notable verification. It was at the evening session that the vote was had, the morning session having been very brief and merely perfunctory. After it was over, a conference of Harrison delegates was called, at which 463 delegates assembled—the exact number, it will be noted, of the delegates who voted for the Harrison report. The anti-Harrison vote was 422. So the contest seemed to be settled before it had formally begun.



MR. FASSETT SPEAKING.
Drawn by F. V. Du Mond after a sketch by T. Dart Walker.



BLAINE AND HARRISON DELEGATES CHEERING IN THE CORRIDOR OF WEST HOTEL.
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a sketch by T. Dart Walker.

There seemed to be nothing more for the Convention to do except to appraise the nominating speeches. The nominating speech is of a peculiar type of eloquence, though its object is undoubtedly, as Choate said that of all eloquence was, "to persuade to an action." A dispassionate statement of a candidate's claims will not do, because the thing that is most required is what will give sympathizers opportunity and encouragement to yell. Mr. Blaine has been the subject of this kind of eloquence before, and eminent among nominating speeches still stands the famous speech in which Colonel Bob Ingersoll nominated Blaine in 1876, the "plumed knight" speech, in which the colonel stated that "we want no man who comes here with a certificate of moral character from a Confederate Congress." Then there is the speech with which Conkling nominated Grant, and tired the throats of the 306 in 1880—the Appomattox speech. Of this eloquence the Convention of 1892 does not afford eminent examples. Under the call of States in alphabetical order, Colorado was the first which had a nomination to offer, and Senator Wolcott nominated Blaine in a speech which of course elicited wild applause, and which was remarkable for a rather cautiously worded certificate of the candidate's health. It was left to the President's own State to nominate him, which was done by the venerable Richard W. Thompson, who celebrated his eighty-third birthday by commending his fellow-citizen in brief and plain words. Mr. Depew's speech was also a businesslike and sensible setting forth of the President's merits and claims, and a eulogy, very temperate for the occasion, of the administration. Mr. Warner Miller supported the nomination of Blaine in a speech that was apparently meant to challenge Mr. Depew's right to speak for the Republicans of New York, since it was an assurance that Mr. Blaine would attract more votes in that State than any other Republican candidate. The announced "stampede," however, what there was of it, occurred after some remarks in favor of Blaine by a delegate from Minnesota. The remarks were not very noteworthy, but at the conclusion of them, three ladies behind the chairman's desk arose, waving, one an American flag, one a white parasol, and one a black umbrella, in time with the refrain which no adult American can have failed to hear: "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" Then the Blaine men stood on chairs and yelled, and the Blaine women beat time with their parasols, and the chairman could be seen but not heard to hammer his desk with his gavel, and the band could be heard playing in the very brief intervals between the yelling. This went on for twenty minutes, as it has gone on in Republican conventions before, without leading to a nomination, but it has never before fallen so far short of any practical result. For after twenty minutes of incessant yelling, there must come silence, and, in a Convention, the vote, and there was nothing in the vote to excite a renewal of the Blaine enthusiasm. The roll begins with Alabama, of course, and the seven votes out of its twenty-two that did not go to Harrison went to McKinley, and McKinley continued to be announced as frequently as Blaine. When Texas was called, the twenty-two votes it gave the President secured his nomination, with thirteen to spare. After the shouts that greeted this result had subsided, Governor McKinley moved that the nomination be made unanimous, but gave way that the States at the end of the alphabet might be recorded. The vote stood 535⅙ for Harrison, 182⅙ for Blaine, 182 for McKinley, 4 for Reed, and 1 for Lincoln. Necessary to a choice, 453.

After this, anything but an adjournment would have been an anti-climax. The States were called again for nominations, and called in vain until New York was reached, when Mr. Edmund O'Connor nominated Whitelaw Reid, and the nomination was seconded by General Horace Porter. There was no opposition, except from one zealous orator who named Mr. T. B. Reed, and the nomination was made by acclamation.

It was about twenty minutes of five when the chairman announced that the official vote for President was ready. The following is the vote by States:

	Harrison.	Blaine.	McKinley.	Reed.	Lincoln.
Alabama	15	..	7	..	..
Arkansas	15	..	1	..	..
California	8	9	1	..	..
Colorado	..	8	..	..	..
Connecticut	4	..	8	..	..
Delaware	4	1	1	..	..
Florida	8	..	..	..	..
Georgia	26	..	..	..	..
Idaho	..	6	..	..	..
Illinois	34	14	..	..	..
Indiana	30	..	..	..	..
Iowa	20	5	1	..	..
Kansas	11	..	9	..	..
Kentucky	22	2	1	..	..
Louisiana	8	8	..	..	..
Maine	..	12	..	..	..
Maryland	14	..	2	..	..
Massachusetts	18	1	11	..	..
Michigan	7	2	19	..	..
Minnesota	8	9	1	..	..
Mississippi	13½	4½	..	..	..
Missouri	28	4	2	..	..
Montana	5	1	..	..	..
Nebraska	15	..	1	..	..
Nevada	..	6	..	..	..
New Hampshire	4	2	..	1	1
New Jersey	18	2	..	..	..
New York	27	35	10	..	..
North Carolina	17⅔	2⅓	1	..	..
North Dakota	2	4	..	..	..
Ohio	1	..	45	..	..
Oregon	1	..	7	..	..
Pennsylvania	19	3	42	..	..
Rhode Island	5	1	1	1	..
South Carolina	13	3	2	..	..
South Dakota	8	..	..	..	..
Tennessee	17	4	3	..	..
Texas	22	6	..	2	..
Vermont	8	..	..	..	..
Virginia	9	13	2	..	..
Washington	1	6	1	..	..
West Virginia	12	..	..	..	..
Wisconsin	19	2	3	..	..
Wyoming	4	2	..	..	..
Arizona	1	1	..	..	..
District of Columbia	..	2	..	..	..
New Mexico	6	..	..	..	..
Oklahoma	2	..	..	..	..
Utah	2	..	..	..	..
Alaska	2	..	..	..	..
Indian Territory	1	1	..	..	..
Total	535⅙	182⅙	182	4	1

Kentucky 1 absent.

PORTIA, JUNIOR.

MORE OR LESS OF A FAIRY TALE.

PORTIA was nineteen, and a princess by virtue of her beauty and amiability. Her father was learned, even-tempered, and unprepossessing; her mother handsome and of equable temperament, but not unduly knowledgable—which may account for the fact that Portia herself, while of the intellectually beautiful type, was not superciliously lovely, as is so often the case with women similarly gifted. She could talk with a man without compelling him to feel his own ignorance, and, of course, this made her excessively popular with the male portion of the community in which she lived; but, rarer still, Portia endeared herself so to women that plain girls, despite her beauty, loved to be with her. She had a way of making them feel that her beauty detracted from rather than enhanced their plainness, as though she shed the glamour of her personality on all those about her, just as the sun sometimes seeks out the dark corners of the earth, and makes gloom itself seem the source of light. Withal Portia was not conscious of her prepossessing qualities, and went her way through life as simply, as quietly, and as sensibly as she could.

That she should have princes dancing attendance upon her by the score was not surprising; that she should have her preferences for certain princes was equally to be expected; that she should have at least two particular princes who wished her to be theirs was not startling; and yet, sensible as Portia was, when these gallant gentlemen made known their matrimonial hopes to her, she was startled. That, I think, was the only commonplace thing about Portia. To be startled by so insignificant an episode as two proposals on the same evening is quite in the line of woman's way.

But Portia had an excuse for her embarrassment, which most women have not, and that excuse was that it was not until Prince Henry proposed marriage to her that she realized how much she cared for Prince John, nor did she awaken to the fact that she had a very warm place in her heart for Prince Henry until Prince John asked her the same question that had been put by his rival just two hours previously. To neither could she say no; to neither could she say yes—surely here was a dilemma! It is my own opinion that most women would have solved the problem by quarrelling with both princes, and marrying a third; and a man similarly placed would have settled it by the toss of a coin. Not so with Portia. Neither dissemblance nor penny-tossing was one of her accomplishments. Frankness was, and she told the two gentlemen as plainly as she could just how matters stood.

"I—I think I love you both," she said. "And so, of course, I cannot marry either of you at present. Time alone can tell which of the two I love the better."

Most girls would have said "which of the two I love the best." It was in matters of this sort that Portia showed her erudition.

"Come back in five years," she added, "and I will decide between you. Meanwhile you should both bestir yourselves, for by that which you achieve are my feelings likely to be influenced. Ordinarily a question of this kind is settled on the basis of love and affection. Here the love and affection being in both cases equal, it becomes a question of those qualities plus the unknown quantity that must decide."

"It depends, then," said Prince John, "upon that unknown quantity?"

"Yes," replied Portia.

"But supposing this unknown quantity turns out to be a third prince?" suggested Prince Henry.

"The advantage is with you," returned Portia. "You have the start on him. If he overtakes and passes you, I am not to blame."

And the two princes went out into the world and strove.

Prince John devoted himself assiduously to many things, and succeeded in all. He became a lawyer of recognized standing, not alone of respectability, but of marked ability. In or out of court Prince John was sure to win any cause to which his energies were devoted, yet so fearful was he of not ultimately realizing the ideals of the still undecided Portia, that he branched out into literature. He wrote a novel that even pleased the critics. His work was discussed seriously by the pulpit, and although while writing his novel he had no idea that such was to be the case, he found himself six months after the publication of his great work hailed as the father of a new philosophy. To counteract the effect of his novel, which, while gratifying, was not exactly to his taste, he became a humorist—a humorous humorist, who, while he brought tears to the eyes of his readers, as do most other humorists, did so less abruptly, leading up to them through the medium of laughter. Having shown his ability in this direction, Prince John, in order to show Portia what a universally accomplished person he was, turned his attention to poetry and the amateur stage, with such success that one of his poems crept into several Western papers credited to Tennyson, while his Hamlet was of such a quality that a prominent society journal called him "a mute, inglorious Booth," which, naturally, he construed into the highest possible praise.

And what of Prince Henry? Alas! for every forward stride taken by Prince John, Prince Henry took one backward. He too tried the law, and failed. He too tried literature, yet succeeded not. Next Prince Henry tried to become a young Napoleon of finance, and did so well that he met his Wellington, went through his Waterloo, and came out *sans* everything save his good name in less than six months. The good name he managed to retain, though it was sadly mortgaged. Money had been borrowed on it, but not in such a fashion as to lead to any suspicion as to his integrity. But his Waterloo by no means called for a St. Helena. Unabashed by repeated failures, Prince Henry was not afraid to fail again, and he did so, this time as an agent for an insurance company, his commission not exceeding two per cent. of his office rent. And so he passed on from failure to failure, and at the end of five years the two cavaliers presented themselves at the house of Portia—one eminent, rich, successful; the other eminent only as a failure, rich only in debts, successful only in lacking success.

And Portia received them both with smiles. Her heart was still true to both.

"Hullo!" sneered Prince John, as he caught sight of Prince Henry entering the front door. "What are *you* here for? You don't suppose you have any chance now, do you?"

"No," returned Prince Henry, sadly. "I am here simply as a matter of form; that is all. I said I'd be here, and here I am. I shall content myself with saying good-by to Portia, and congratulating you."

"Ah!" said Prince John, softening. "You've had hard luck, Hal, for a fact. I'm deucedly sorry for you, old fellow, but it wasn't my fault."

"No," returned Prince Henry, "it wasn't."

And then Portia came in.

"We have come for your formal decision, Portia," said Prince Henry. "Of course I know what it is to be, so if it gives you any pain to announce it in my presence, don't do so. Let me take it for granted. There's no question about it; Jack has proved himself the better man."

"That's very true," returned Portia. "But I don't think it's nice of you, Prince Henry, to forestall my decision in that way. In fact, it almost impels me to change my mind, and marry Prince Jack."

"Change your what and marry which?" roared Prince Jack. "I didn't hear exactly right, did I?"

Prince Henry was speechless. He did not know whether to be full of joy or of amazement.

"Change my mind, and marry you," repeated Portia, looking severely at Prince John.

"You don't mean to say there is any question about my being accepted?" queried Prince John.

"Why, certainly," returned Portia. "I had decided in Henry's favor because he scored the greater number of points. You have succeeded, and he has not. But he has been pertinacious. I admire success. I admire pertinacity and I sympathize with failure, so that the record now stands: *Prince John*—Love, 5 points; Affection, 5 points; Admiration, 5 points; Total, 15. *Prince Henry*—Love, 5 points; Affection, 5 points; Admiration, 5 points; Sympathy, 5 points; Total, 20."

"That's one way to look at it," sneered Prince John; while Prince Henry gazed blankly at the carpet.

"Yes," replied Portia. "And here is another. You have fame and fortune. Prince Henry has nothing. You have shown your ability to stand alone. Prince Henry has not. Shall I give to the rich? Shall I support the strong and neglect the weak?"

"Portia," said Prince John, "you are well-named. The great original herself would bow to you in the matter of argument. If Shylock could have had you for his counsel, he'd have got his pound of flesh."

"Certainly he would," said Portia. "It was for Antonio to pay the bill, not for Shylock to collect it."

"Good!" returned Prince John. "And good-morning. I congratulate you, Henry, on your good fortune, but I cannot say I envy you. Life with a woman so 'reason'able as Portia cannot be bliss unalloyed."

"Stay!" cried Prince Henry, springing to his feet. "I cannot consent to Portia's arrangement. She is yours, Jack, not mine. You have won her fairly and squarely. Take her, for I shall not."

Portia looked faint.

"No," returned Prince Jack. "She has expressed a preference for you, and that settles it. As a gentleman I cannot appeal from her decision, and I shall not remain any longer."

"Jack, you must; for I cannot!" cried Prince Henry.

"Nor can I!" roared Prince Jack.

"Gentlemen," said Portia, "do not quarrel. I—"

But she addressed the empty air. Both princes had rushed from the house, not to quarrel, but each actuated by a spirit of renunciation.

Two noble hearts indeed were they and strong, for twenty years have passed since then, and Portia is still single.

The renunciation is still on, however, and is likely to remain so for some time to come, since both princes have married—Prince John twice, and Prince Henry even now is enjoying his third honey-moon. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

HONORS IN THE SERVICE.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

IT has ever been the despair of some that the United States government gave no mark of a distinguishing nature to those citizens who rose above their fellows by reason of superior mental ability, ingenuity, or courage. To be sure, this is a republic, and all its citizens are on an equality—before the law. However true the theory may be, practice shows that official commendation is a great stimulant of acts calculated to foster national pride; and it is a source of congratulation for all Americans that this government has receded somewhat from the extremist view. It does not award titles of nobility, nor does it bemedal its artists and authors, but it does show its appreciation of courage, gallantry, and devotion in its very limited military service by Congressional thanks, medals of honor, and certificates of merit.

And the point about it all that makes a republican institution of it is that the private, the man in the ranks, stands just as good a chance of becoming thus distinguished as does the officer. The medal of honor to-day shines alike on plain blouses and blouses with shoulder-straps. The certificate of merit is devised especially for the enlisted man. The act of Congress regarding it says that when any *private soldier* shall have distinguished himself in the service, the President may, on the recommendation of the commanding officer of the regiment to which the private soldier belongs, grant him a certificate of merit. A pecuniary value also attaches to the certificate of merit; it carries with it additional pay at the rate of two dollars per month so long as the soldier remains continuously in the service.

General Order No. 100, issued from the headquarters of the army at Washington towards the last days of 1891, was devoted to those officers and enlisted men who had been honored thus since the last order concerning such soldiers, issued in April, 1891. In it Major-General Schofield, commanding the army, includes particularly the names of those officers and enlisted men who during 1890 and the campaign in the winter of 1890–1 in South Dakota distinguished themselves by "specially meritorious acts or conduct in service."

But he goes far back of 1890, to the military expedition which, from March to September in 1885, was occupied in exploration of the then unknown regions of Alaska. The expedition did not go to attain any signal results of a startling nature; but it explored and mapped a large extent of difficult country, and opened the way for subsequent parties fitted out by private means. The work was hard, not alone physically, but mentally as well; and it was done in a manner highly satisfactory to its projectors. The expedition was under the command of First Lieutenant (then Second Lieutenant) Henry T. Allen, Second Cavalry; and he is commended in this order for his courage, fortitude, tenacity, and ability. Sergeant Cady Robertson, Company A, Fourteenth Infantry (then Sergeant Troop E, Second Cavalry), and Frederick W. Fickett, then a private in the Signal Corps, but now out of service, receive mention for their courage, fortitude, and valuable services in the same expedition.

Under date of September 22, 1885, Captain (then First Lieutenant) Henry P. Birmingham, assistant surgeon, United States army, conducted himself in a specially gallant and meritorious manner in action against hostile Apache Indians in the Teres Mountains, Mexico. Not less brave and worthy of mention is the conduct of Captain William L. Kneedler, assistant surgeon, United States army, during January and February, 1890. The family of a soldier at his station was stricken with malignant diphtheria, and Captain Kneedler devoted himself to their care. Meanwhile orders came for him to proceed to West Point, New York, and there take station—a most desirable post. But he obtained permission to delay, and then, voluntarily isolating himself with the family, remained until the emergency had passed. This service also properly received recognition.

On March 2, 1890, a small detachment of cavalry and Indian scouts, under First Lieutenant James W. Watson, Tenth Cavalry, and First Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke, Ninth Cavalry (then Second Lieutenant Tenth Cavalry), started after a gang of renegade Apache Indian murderers from San Carlos, Arizona. The pursuit was prompt and indefatigable, and lasted five days. At the end of that time the command overtook the Indians on Salt River, Arizona, and successfully engaged them. For their conduct of the pursuit and their gallantry in action Lieutenants Watson and Clarke were both commended in the order. And the enlisted men of the party were not forgotten. Sergeant James T. Daniels, Company G, Thirteenth Infantry (then Sergeant Troop L, Fourth Cavalry), was commended for untiring energy and cool gallantry under fire; Sergeant William McBryar, Troop K, Tenth (colored) Cavalry, for coolness, bravery, and good marksmanship; and private (then Sergeant) Rowdy, Troop A, Indian Scouts, for faithfulness, zeal, and great tenacity—making it possible to encounter the renegades.

The events immediately preceding the Sioux war in South Dakota in 1890–1 led to the performance of many acts of courage and endurance, which were by the order made to redound to the credit of the participants. These included Captain Ezra P. Ewers, Fifth Infantry; First Lieutenant Harry C. Hale, Twentieth Infantry; Captain Joseph H. Hurst, Twelfth Infantry; Captain Peter S. Bomus, First Cavalry; Second Lieutenant Peter E. Traub, First Cavalry; Second Lieutenant Samuel Burkhardt, Jun., Twenty-fifth Infantry; First Lieutenant John G. Ballance, Twenty-second Infantry; First Lieutenant Tredwell W. Moore, Ninth Infantry; and Adam Forster, then First Sergeant Company D, Twenty-second Infantry, but now out of service. Of these, Captain Bomus and Lieutenants Traub and Burkhardt made a forced march of 186 miles, of which 95 miles were covered in 24 hours, to succor a troop of cavalry reported surrounded by Indians. And Lieutenants Ballance and Moore and Sergeant Foster, with their men, made a forced march for the same purpose of 116 miles, of which 63 miles were made in 29¼ hours, part of the time in the face of a heavy snowstorm. These are notable instances of hard marching and endurance.

The conspicuous bravery, coolness, and good fighting qualities of the officers and men during the two days' fighting, December 29–30, 1890, brought forth a host of encomiums. The officers ranged from gray old veterans to youngsters quite fresh from West Point. The list includes Lieutenant-Colonel Dallas Bache, surgeon; Major John Van R. Hoff, surgeon; Major Guy V. Henry, Ninth Cavalry; Captain Henry J. Nowlan, Seventh Cavalry; Captain Allyn Capron, First Artillery; Captain Charles A. Varnum, Seventh Cavalry; Captain Ernest A. Garlington, Seventh Cavalry; First Lieutenant John C. Gresham, Seventh Cavalry; First Lieutenant Horatio G. Sickel, Seventh Cavalry; First Lieutenant James D. Mann, Seventh Cavalry (but poor Mann was mortally wounded at the Catholic Mission on December 30th, and died January 15th); First Lieutenant Harry L. Hawthorne, Fourth Artillery (then Second Lieutenant Second Artillery), who was severely wounded; Second Lieutenant Sedgwick Rice, Seventh Cavalry; and Second Lieutenant Guy H. Preston, Ninth Cavalry.

The Hotchkiss mountain howitzers under Lieutenant Hawthorne's command were well handled that 29th day of December at the battle of Wounded Knee Creek. Two of the medals of honor went to enlisted men of the detachment that served them. The Indian fire was particularly hot, for the guns were destructive, but Lieutenant Hawthorne directed their fire with ability till he fell wounded. Then Corporal (then private) Joshua B. Hartzog, Battery E, First Artillery, rushed to his rescue, and picking him up, carried him out of range of the enemy's fire. And Sergeant (then Corporal) Paul H. Weinert, Battery E, First Artillery, acted as chief of section and gunner in charge of the howitzers. He kept up an undiminished fire, serving his piece gallantly, and after each fire advancing it to a better position until ordered to withdraw. Both Weinert and Hartzog received medals of honor, and privates George Green and John Flood, of the same detachment, were honored by having their names published in orders.

The same day was one of glory for Mosheim Feaster, then a private and now a corporal in Troop E, Seventh Cavalry. The order gives an epitome of the heroic in connection with his name: "Extraordinary gallantry; advancing to an exposed position, and holding it in action against hostile Sioux Indians at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota." For this Feaster received the medal of honor, and, it is noticeable, now wears the chevrons of a corporal.

George Holsday, then a private in Troop A, Seventh Cavalry, but now out of service, received the medal of honor for gallantry in the same action; and so did James Ward, then a sergeant in B Troop. He fought bravely, and when wounded severely, refused to quit the field, but fought on till the battle was at an end.

But perhaps the man who deserved all he got was First Sergeant Jacob Trautman, U.S.A., retired, then First Sergeant Troop I, Seventh Cavalry. Trautman's thirty years of service entitled him to retirement—and thirty years' service in the ranks is no slight thing. It implies all the nobler qualities of man. But Trautman would not retire while there was a chance to fight, for arms were his love and his profession. He re-enlisted to share in the ventures of the campaign, and at Wounded Knee conducted himself with such gallantry, coolness, and courage, that the medal of honor was awarded to him.

On December 30th, at the Catholic Mission, privates Richard Costner and William Girdwood, Hospital Corps, U.S.A., displayed commendable gallantry. The hospital ambulance had become a target for Indian bullets, and the civilian driver deserted it, and sought safety in flight. An officer lay wounded near it. Then Costner and Girdwood volunteered for the hazardous business of putting the wounded man in the ambulance and bringing him off the field. This they successfully did, and for a reward received certificates of merit.

On New-Year's day, 1891, more medals of honor were earned by gallantry in action, and the men who won them were Captain John B. Kerr, First Lieutenant Benjamin H. Cheever, Second Lieutenant Robert L. Howze, Sergeants Fred Myers and Joseph F. Knight, and Corporal Cornelius C. Smith, all of the Sixth Cavalry. Sergeant Myers and Corporal (now Sergeant) Smith, each with detachments of five men, drove the Indians from commanding positions, and then held these positions against fierce efforts to recapture them. Subsequently they pursued the enemy a long distance.

After the close of hostilities there yet remained work to be done that required cool judgment and rare force of will. Thus, Captain Jesse M. Lee, Ninth Infantry, successfully conducted a band of over six hundred surrendered Brulé Sioux from the Pine Ridge to the Rosebud Agency, during the most inclement period of a Dakota winter, and without a military escort. And similar trying service was performed by Captain Ezra P. Ewers, Fifth Infantry, accompanied only by First Lieutenants Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, and Robert N. Getty, Twenty-second Infantry, commanding troops of Cheyenne scouts.

It is such small matters, such doles from the public treasury, that make these brave men feel that, after all, the government has a regard for them. In a country inhabited by millions it is an easy thing to forget that a scant thousand commissioned officers and twenty-five thousand enlisted men are struggling with the military duty of the whole nation; they are such an insignificant fraction; they are not producers; they have no political function; they can have no homes; their best endeavors can produce but a sorry imitation of settled domestic life. They are ordered hither and thither; the wind of alleged "needs of the service" may take them to Texas in July and Dakota in January; they are playthings, till some day their masters open their eyes in surprise to see that they are men who will die for a principle, or even for an order; who hold duty to be paramount to all earthly considerations; who, facing life and all it holds for them, execute a military order "about face," and march through death to the beyond uncomplainingly, so that some millions of people unknown to them, uncaring about them, may consider themselves safe and at peace. Honors to those who face death and return should not be grudged. It is not in a pecuniary way that the matter has value to them, but in the thought that, through the government, the people know them and respect them, and that there is a place in the heart of the people for them.

This does not apply with equal force to the commissioned and enlisted sides of the army. The officer may become tolerably well known; the private's chance of it is not worth mentioning. It is possible that each soldier in the ranks carries a pair of shoulder-straps in his knapsack, but he seldom finds them. But devotion to duty is not a matter of pay or position; it is as common in the ranks as among the officers; it is the rule from which none may swerve and live respected. And these marks of recognition of merit by the rifle or the sword come with a particularly good grace. The people can afford them, and the army appreciates them.

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE AT CHICAGO.

Among the many sorts of treasures to be displayed in the great exposition of next year at Chicago, the historical documents of this country, in their priceless original forms, are to be given precedence in place. The collection prepared by the Department of State will be in view as the central feature of the entire exposition, the most prominent space in the rotunda of the Government Building being devoted to this purpose.

The classification of the proposed exhibit is arranged in six groups.

The first is to illustrate the course of negotiations of the United States with foreign powers. This section will comprise a documentary and historical review of diplomatic episodes in their proper order. The series, beginning with the representative public services of Franklin, Deane, and Lee, will contain such memorials as the Treaty of Alliance, Definitive Treaty of Peace, the ransoming of Americans from slavery in the Barbary States, and the purchase of Louisiana, of Florida, and of Alaska.

A collection of portraits will be shown as an interesting supplement in this division. This collection is to present the faces, and, if possible, the autographs of those with whom the nation through the State Department has to deal. It will include the portraits of the rulers of the different nations, with those of the prime minister or chief of foreign affairs of each country.

The medium of correspondence between the President and the Chief Executives of the several States of the Union will be shown in the second division. A variety of "forms," commissions, and warrants are selected for the illustration of the order in which these specified workings of the department are observed.

One of the principal features in this collection, illustrating the functions and administrative faculty of the Department of State, will be the great seal or arms of the United States, which is to be emblazoned on canvas. This is intended to be an object of chief distinction in the view of the observer as he enters the Government Building, surrounded as it will be with beautiful draperies representing the development of another cherished emblem of the nation—the starry flag.

In the same section will be shown the valuable collections of state papers of our country—the Petition to the King, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, the archives of the Continental Congress, the papers of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Franklin, and other manuscripts of corresponding historical interest. The opportunity is to be given our loyal countrymen to see the original forms of these immortal writings, instead of fac-similes as earlier suggested. To insure the most perfect protection of these precious relics, a steel case is specially constructed for them.

The next series of this collection illustrating the national existence will comprise treaties, conventions, and agreements with foreign powers. An interesting feature will be a display of the exchange treaties, and of curios received as "friendship tokens" from semi-barbarous tribes or nations.

Another chapter is to be made up of proclamations by the President, and of laws and resolutions as printed and published under the direction of the Secretary of State by authority of Congress. This series is prepared to illustrate the keeping, recording, and publication of the laws of the United States.

The system in use in the collection, publication, and dissemination of general and specific commercial information concerning foreign trade and markets is to be shown in connection with consular reports of the requirements of consumers in Mexico, Central and South America, and the West Indies, the peculiar wants of those countries being illustrated in models, etc., obtained directly from their markets.

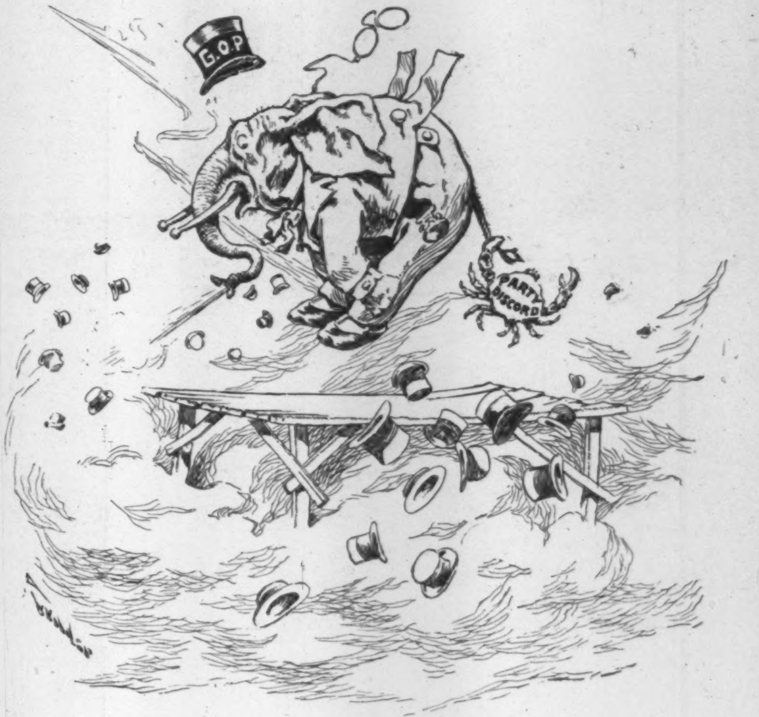
In this manner will be fulfilled the entire purpose of the exhibit that is planned "to demonstrate the nature of the Department of State and its adaptation to the wants of the people by an exhibition or display of such articles and materials as illustrate its functions and administrative faculty." Of the ten departments of the exhibition to be made by the government of the United States, that of the Department of State will be first in significance and dignity of character. The historical impression to be presented in the form of unique and sacred relics will be important as well as novel. Its influence will go to bind the new with older generations in undiminished love of country.

E. T. L.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

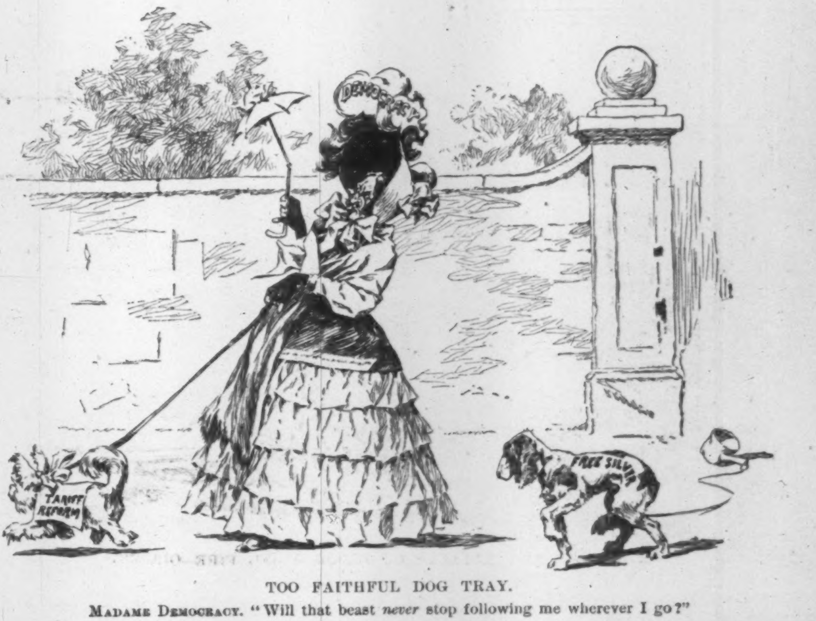
Beneath the mossy boughs of this old tree,
  Reclining in the shadow cool and sweet,
  I watch the dragon-fly dart o'er the wheat
And hear the booming of the vagrant bee.
Above the rosy clover-field, care-free
  I hear the restless bobolink repeat
  His gurgling song, while in the offing meet
Squadrons of clouds upon the shining sea.
I watch the happy gull on wing serene
  Above the murmurous ocean gayly veer
  Where lightest winds the snowy sails pursue;
And, in the mellow distance o'er the green,
A white spire in the crystal atmosphere
  Rises in peace against the perfect blue.

R. K. Munkittrick.



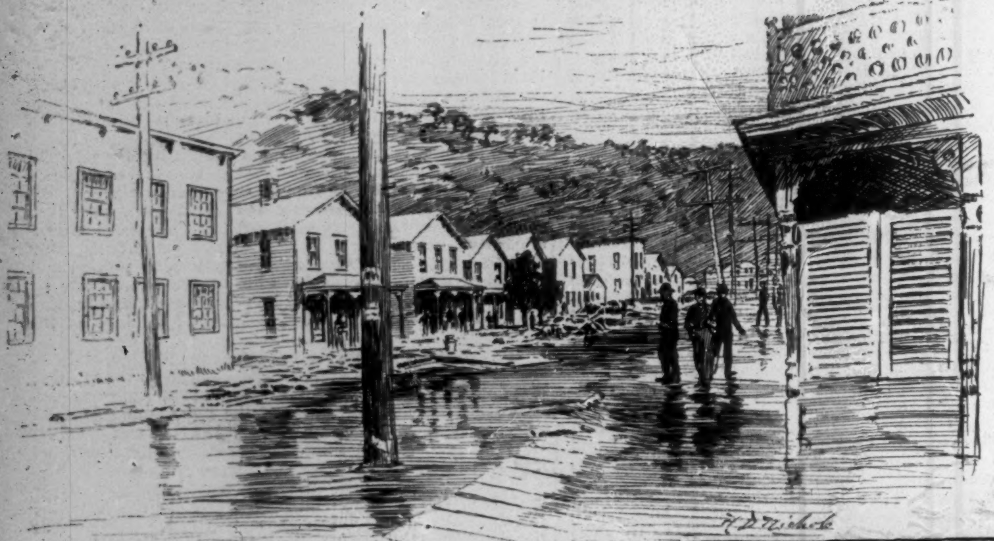
AFTER THE CONVENTION.

The only drawback to the sublime pleasure of the occasion.

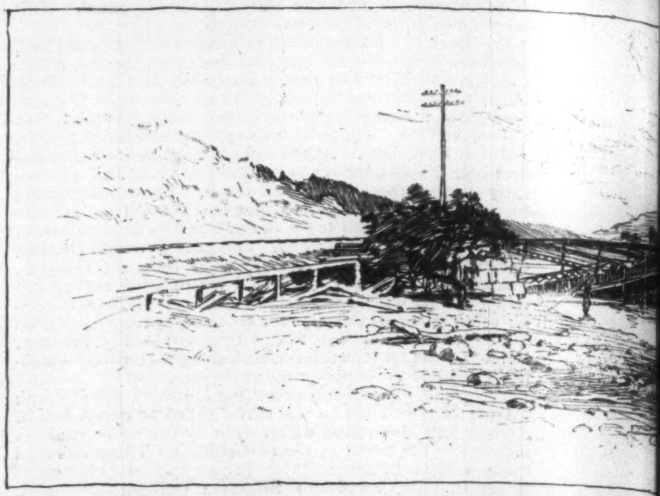


TOO FAITHFUL DOG TRAY.

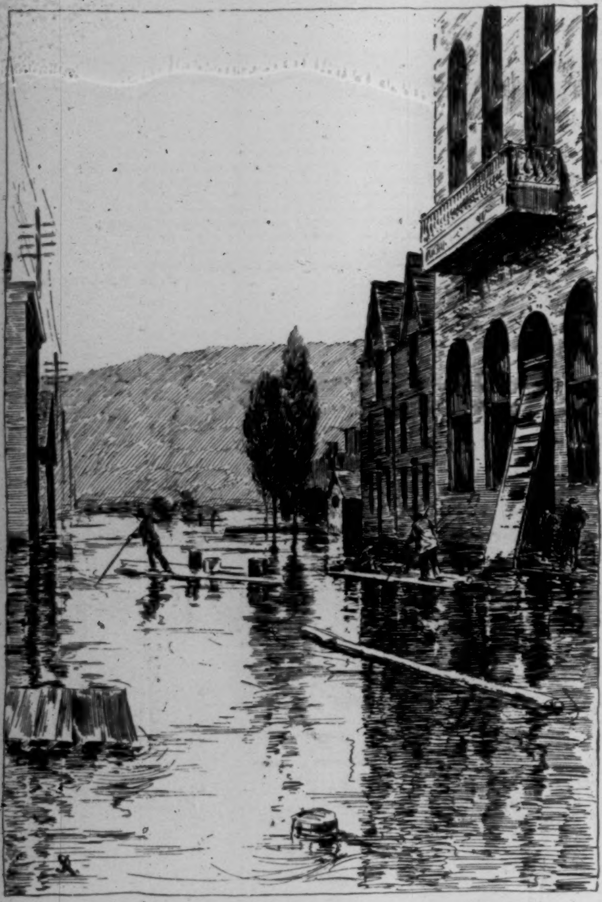
Madame Democracy. "Will that beast *never* stop following me wherever I go?"



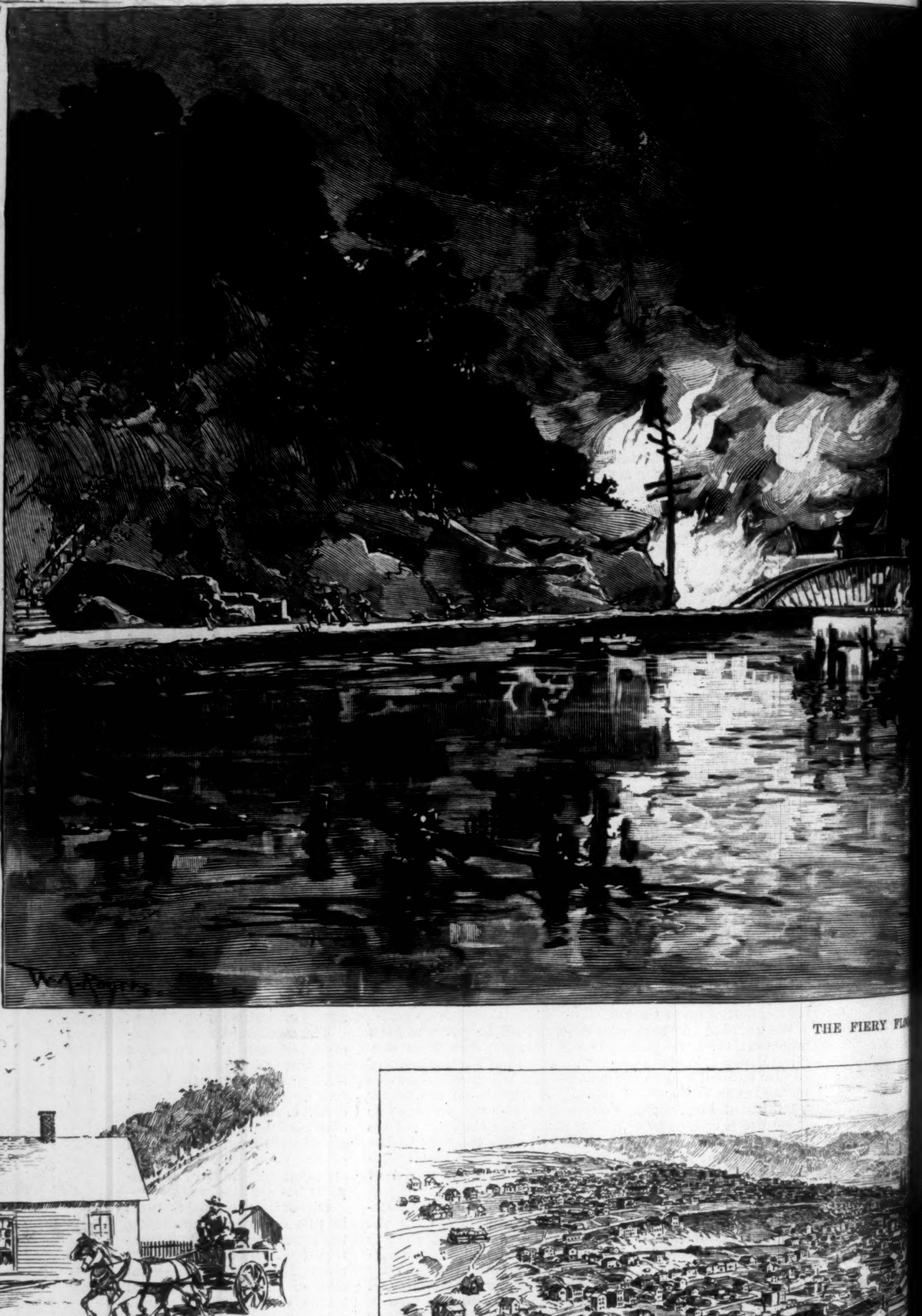
VIEW OF FLOOD ON SENECA STREET, OIL CITY, ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE.



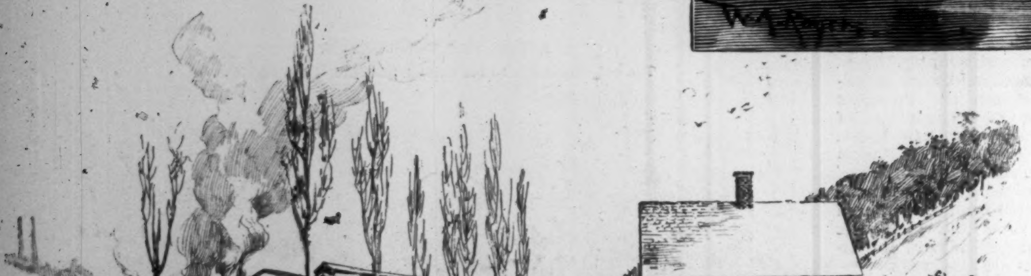
NEW BRIDGE (WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENNSYL



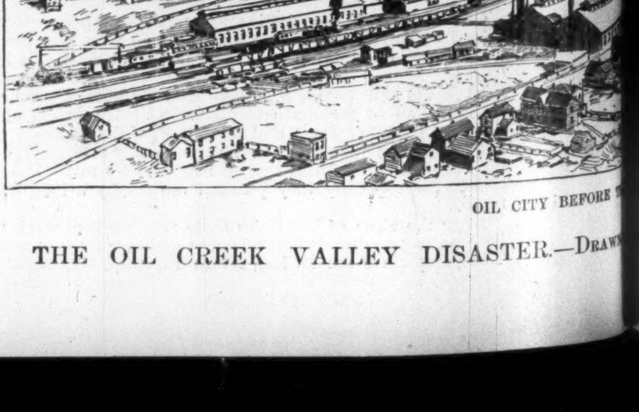
WASHINGTON STREET, TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE FIERY FL

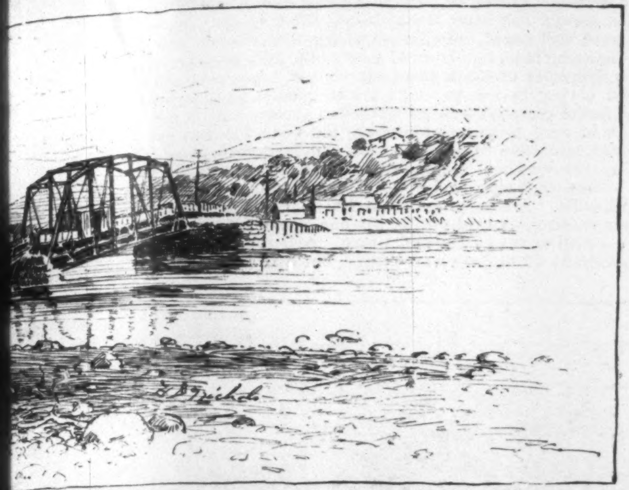


EFFECTS OF FLOOD AND FIRE—OIL CITY.

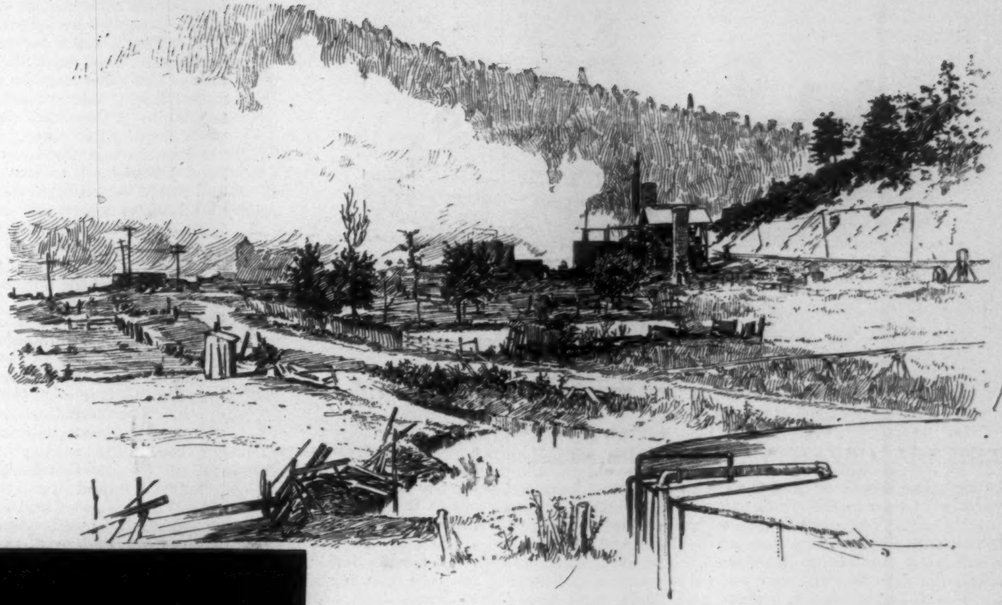


OIL CITY BEFORE T

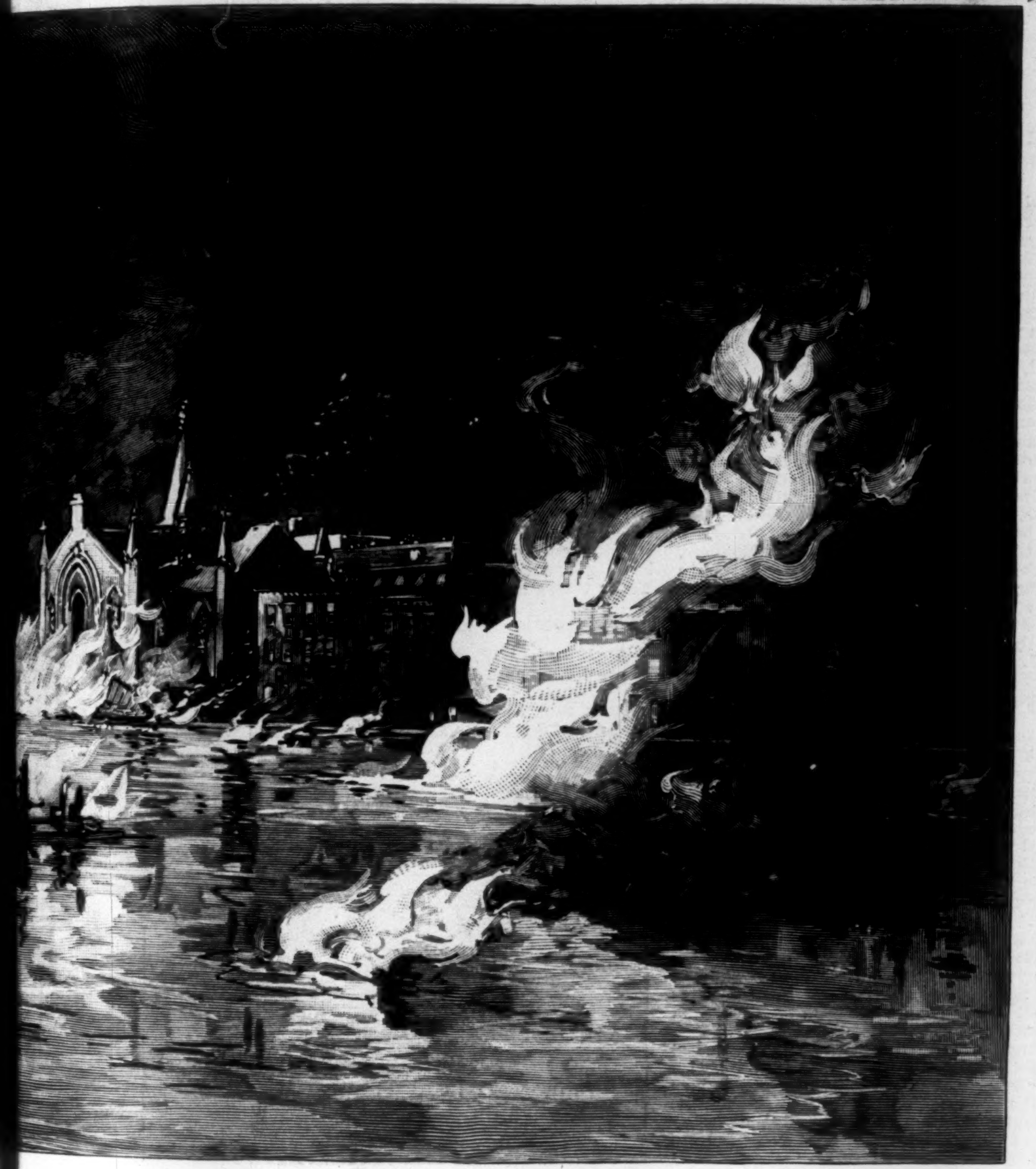
THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER.—Draw



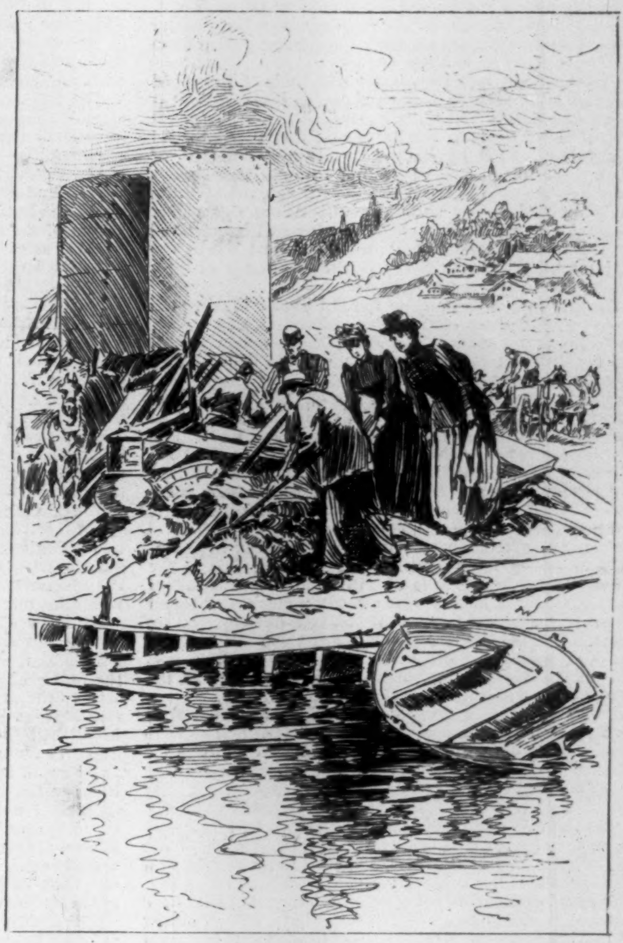
A RAILROAD), THREE MILES ABOVE OIL CITY.



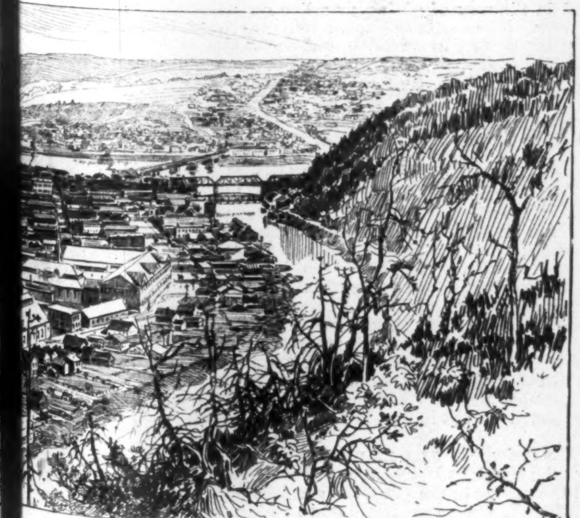
LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK TOWARD OIL CITY.



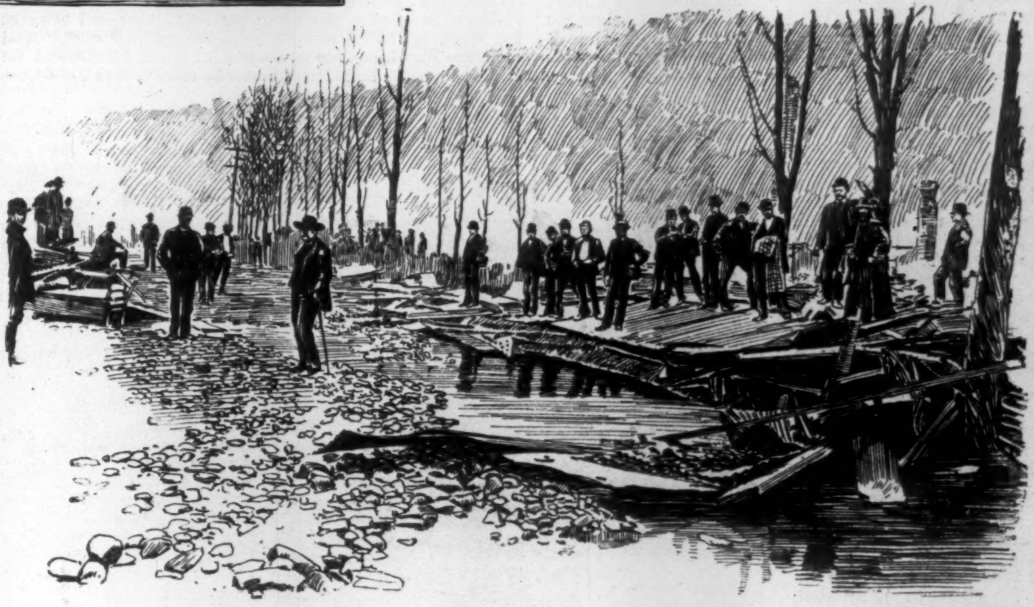
OIL CITY



SEARCHING FOR BODIES.

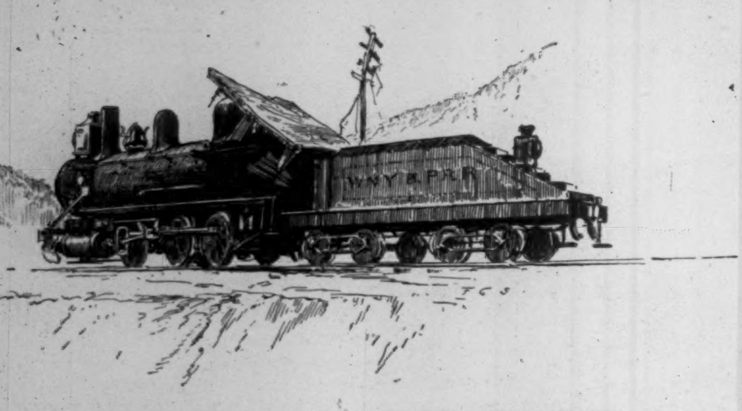


D AND FIRE.



POOL WHERE FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND—OIL CITY.

SKETCHES BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



THE SWITCH ENGINE WHICH STARTED THE FIRE AT OIL CITY.

THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER.

DURING the month of May there was an almost incessant downpour of rain in the whole mountain region of western Pennsylvania. The earth, torn and gullied and soaked, refused at last to absorb any more of the flood, and sent down the soil-laden rivulets undiminished. The creeks tumbled through the valleys swift and yellow and sullen and swollen. The foundations of bridges and dams were undermined. The waters encroached upon the shores. The highways could be travelled only by day, and the trains moved cautiously, with the anxious engineers watching each foot of the tracks. The time was ripe for a disaster, and every one trembled lest he and his should be the sufferers. On Sunday, June 5th, the disaster did come in a furious and cruel assault upon life and property—a scourge made of the joined forces of water and fire and air.

The famous Oil Creek rises in the highlands of Crawford County, and soon after it passes the gap at Spartansburg it increases much. At Titusville it can no longer be forded easily. It flows through this town and down a beautiful narrow valley walled by steep hills, from the depths of which untold fortunes have poured through those wells whose derricks stand tall and bare and frequent above the dense forest and denser undergrowth. Along this valley are several villages, built high as a safeguard against the yearly freshets. At the end of the valley, just where the creek joins the Alleghany River, is Oil City, once as busy and as rich as a city ten times its size.

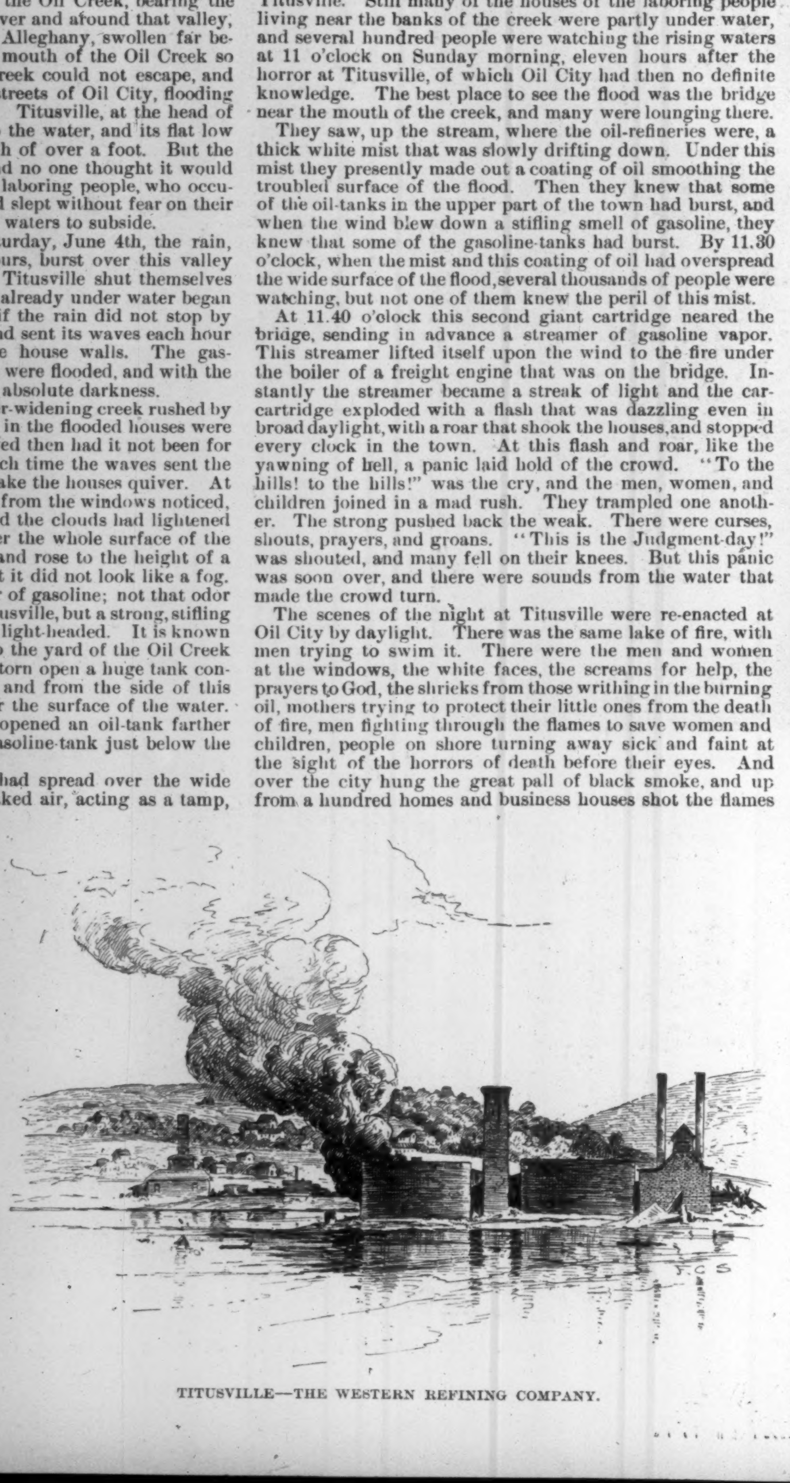
In the first few days of June the Oil Creek, bearing the vast outpourings of the clouds over and around that valley, had swelled into a river. The Alleghany, swollen far beyond its usual size, crossed the mouth of the Oil Creek so rapidly that the waters of the creek could not escape, and had backed over the low-lying streets of Oil City, flooding the ground-floors of the houses. Titusville, at the head of the valley, lay still more open to the water, and its flat low streets were covered to the depth of over a foot. But the Oil Creek had flooded before, and no one thought it would do any serious damage. So the laboring people, who occupied these island cottages, ate and slept without fear on their second floors, and waited for the waters to subside.

Late on the afternoon of Saturday, June 4th, the rain, which had ceased for a few hours, burst over this valley with new fury. The people of Titusville shut themselves in, and those whose houses were already under water began to make arrangements to move if the rain did not stop by daylight. The Oil Creek rose and sent its waves each hour higher and stronger against the house walls. The gas-works and the electric-light plant were flooded, and with the night the town was plunged into absolute darkness.

As the hours passed and the ever-widening creek rushed by more threateningly, these people in the flooded houses were alarmed. They would have moved then had it not been for the darkness. They trembled each time the waves sent the drift log against their walls to make the houses quiver. At midnight those who were leaning from the windows noticed, now that the rain had stopped and the clouds had lightened a bit, that a curious mist lay over the whole surface of the water. It was thick and white, and rose to the height of a man's head above the surface, yet it did not look like a fog. And from this mist came an odor of gasoline; not that odor which always scents the air of Titusville, but a strong, stifling smell that made people dizzy and light-headed. It is known now that the flood, sweeping into the yard of the Oil Creek Works just above Titusville had torn open a huge tank containing 5000 gallons of gasoline, and from the side of this the gasoline had poured out over the surface of the water. At the same time the flood had opened an oil-tank farther down stream, and another big gasoline-tank just below the town.

From these a coating of oil had spread over the wide stream, and the heavy, water-soaked air, acting as a tamp, had shut in the vapors from the gasoline, so that they hung upon the water like a mist. The flood swayed this coating of oil and blanket of vapor to and fro, moving it slowly down stream. The vapor reached out long white waving arms in every direction. Here was a huge cartridge, such as has never been seen in the world before, a cartridge half a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide, and six feet thick. And the people who watched it as it swayed lazily upon the rushing water wondered what it was as they trembled with fear of the flood.

Soon one of those long waving arms of mist reached into the open furnaces of the Crescent Works. The end of the arm touched the live coals on the grate of the furnace. There was a flash as if the heavens had been split asunder. Then the great cartridge exploded. People who started up when the blackness of the night became dazzling day were thrown down. Windows were blown out, houses rocked, and a terrible echo rolled back from the hills. There was a second of darkness. Then from the surface of the water leaped a great flame, fierce, unquenchable—the flame of burning oil. A powerful ally had sprung from the bosom of the flood, and the flood joined itself to this ally, and swept down upon the island houses, where the strong light showed white and terrified faces at windows.



TITUSVILLE—THE WESTERN REFINING COMPANY.

The water whirled great pools of flame against the houses, and soon they were afire and burning in the midst of a circle of fiercer fire. And above the swish and murmur of the waters arose cries of human beings face to face with horrible death. The people on shore searched for boats, and finding a few, put out, and saved some of those in the burning houses. Some jumped from the windows, and by good fortune avoiding the little islands of flame, reached the land in safety.

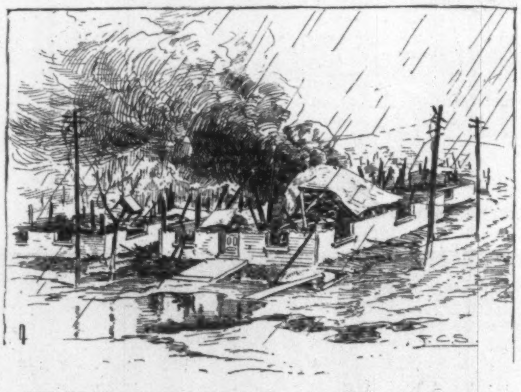
But there were others who stood at windows, and seeing no escape, shrieked, and stretched their arms toward the shore until the fire, having done its work, delivered over the ruins for the flood to rend and swallow. And some leaped out into the river of fire, and beat its bright waves, and tried to breast them. The screams of terror and of agony from the burning and drowning were answered by the moans and shouts of horror from those on shore, powerless to aid. And now the bosom of the flood was spotted here and there with little patches of flame blown loose from the main body of the fire, and swept here and there to imperil other houses and other lives. Houses on shore caught from those afire in the water, and where there had been intense darkness there was the light of day, with men running to and fro, with women crying and wringing their hands. Lives were lost in frightful agony, and lives were saved by those miracles of courage and heroism that are done without thought in perilous times by the simplest people. And the patches of burning oil floated on down stream to carry to the people of the valley the first news of the night of horror at Titusville. And after a while charred wrecks of roofs and walls and household goods fled past Oil City upon the angry bosom of the flood, forerunners of the disaster that was to be there as at Titusville, detail for detail, ruin for ruin.

As the larger part of Oil City lay above the level of the creek, it had not suffered so much from the high water as Titusville. Still many of the houses of the laboring people living near the banks of the creek were partly under water, and several hundred people were watching the rising waters at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, eleven hours after the horror at Titusville, of which Oil City had then no definite knowledge. The best place to see the flood was the bridge near the mouth of the creek, and many were lounging there.

They saw, up the stream, where the oil-refineries were, a thick white mist that was slowly drifting down. Under this mist they presently made out a coating of oil smoothing the troubled surface of the flood. Then they knew that some of the oil-tanks in the upper part of the town had burst, and when the wind blew down a stifling smell of gasoline, they knew that some of the gasoline-tanks had burst. By 11.30 o'clock, when the mist and this coating of oil had overspread the wide surface of the flood, several thousands of people were watching, but not one of them knew the peril of this mist.

At 11.40 o'clock this second giant cartridge neared the bridge, sending in advance a streamer of gasoline vapor. This streamer lifted itself upon the wind to the fire under the boiler of a freight engine that was on the bridge. Instantly the streamer became a streak of light and the car-cartridge exploded with a flash that was dazzling even in broad daylight, with a roar that shook the houses, and stopped every clock in the town. At this flash and roar, like the yawning of hell, a panic laid hold of the crowd. "To the hills! to the hills!" was the cry, and the men, women, and children joined in a mad rush. They trampled one another. The strong pushed back the weak. There were curses, shouts, prayers, and groans. "This is the Judgment-day!" was shouted, and many fell on their knees. But this panic was soon over, and there were sounds from the water that made the crowd turn.

The scenes of the night at Titusville were re-enacted at Oil City by daylight. There was the same lake of fire, with men trying to swim it. There were the men and women at the windows, the white faces, the screams for help, the prayers to God, the shrieks from those writhing in the burning oil, mothers trying to protect their little ones from the death of fire, men fighting through the flames to save women and children, people on shore turning away sick and faint at the sight of the horrors of death before their eyes. And over the city hung the great pall of black smoke, and up from a hundred homes and business houses shot the flames that the wind threatened to turn against the whole city. On the second day after these things, Oil City and Titusville were still dazed. As I went along the streets I saw crape hanging from the doors of scores of houses, and everywhere draperies of black from the walls. I saw men and women crying in the streets. I saw funeral processions going to the cemeteries in an unbroken stream. An army of men in each town was searching the ruins for more of the dead, and once in a while some smoking mass would give up the wreck of a human being. In three days over fifty bodies were recovered at Oil City and more than sixty at Titusville. Among these were several families—father, mother, children—wiped out by the one stroke, all tortured to the awful death by fire and water. And then there are the hundreds whose lives were spared, but whose homes and household goods, their only possessions, are gone, to leave them dependent upon a charity that is showing itself sufficient.



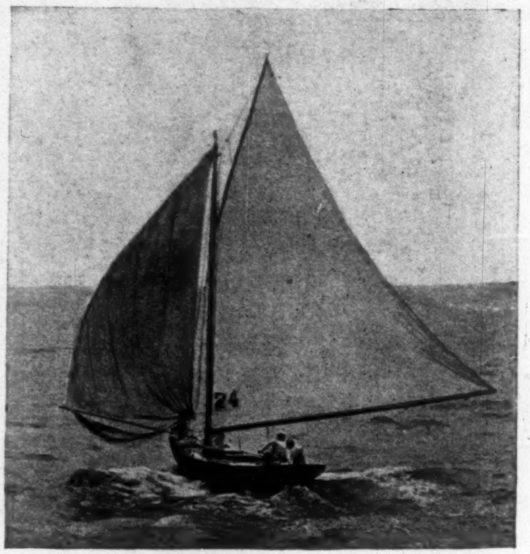
TITUSVILLE—CORNER WASHINGTON AND MECHANICS STREETS.
Showing height of Flood during the Fire. The Fire stopping when that level was reached.

In these two towns, one at either end of the smiling valley, there were death and woe, there were only faces from which hope and courage had gone. And leaving these cities of sorrow to stand upon the hills above them, one could see the Oil Creek, returned to its bed, wandering down the sunny valley, and shining afar through the bright foliage.

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

AMATEUR · SPORT

WHAT THE RESULT OF THE *Gloriana-Wasp* meeting will be must continue a matter of speculation, as the New York Yacht Club's annual regatta last Thursday did not do a great deal in the way of giving us a line on Mr. Rogers's new 46-footer. The cutter *Clara* was rather expected to do something for us in this direction, but she might as well have remained at anchor, for all the good she accomplished in this particular. Fine boat that she is, the *Clara* is no match for the modern racer. Starting about three minutes later than the *Wasp*, she lost steadily throughout the entire run, and crossed the finish line about one hour and forty minutes after her.



MAITLAND KERSEY'S 25-RATER "EL CHICO."

We are not likely to know what the *Wasp* will do against *Gloriana* until much later in the season, probably not until the Newport races in August. Dr. Hopkins, the yacht's new owner, will in all likelihood not race her until then, and, in the mean time, unless the *Wasp* should go over to Boston for some of the events off Marblehead the latter part of this month and next, we must be content in the 46-foot class with watching the renovation of the *Alborak* and the *Beatrix*. These two will very likely make their appearance in some of the Eastern yacht club races this month, and it is not at all improbable that the old *Beatrix*, rechristened the *Harpoon*, with its double double and seven luck-giving letters, may make a showing that will add greatly to the interest of a class that has given but little sign of growing larger.

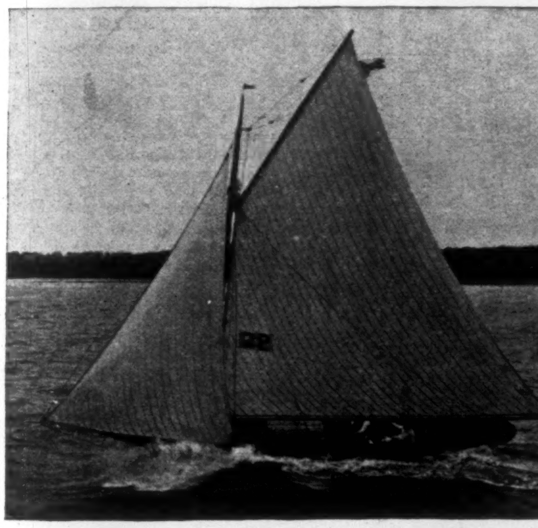
THE "BEATRIX," IT WILL BE REMEMBERED, had no good chance at the *Gloriana* last year, and although she had won from all the others in the class, the performances of every one, save *Gloriana*, were so erratic that nothing trustworthy could be gained by comparison. The Adams brothers are sportsmen, and of the most skilful yachtsmen around Boston. It may therefore be assumed that the alterations the *Beatrix* is undergoing, together with the expert handling she is sure to have, will make her a worthy rival for first honors. The *Alborak* must be considered an experiment until she has been tried again. Her showing last year put her almost entirely out of consideration, but when she goes into commission this season she will be a much changed yacht, and of course for the better (it couldn't be for the worse); how much better we must wait to see.

The regatta on Thursday showed at least that the *Wasp* is a wonderful boat in going through the water, though it does not look as though she enters so cleanly as the *Gloriana*, and that she is tender. Her performance in keeping so close throughout the entire course to the schooners *Marguerite* and *Shamrock* must be considered in reckoning on her chances against *Gloriana*. It is rather interesting to compare the times of the three leaders, as shown in this table:

	Marguerite.	Shamrock.	Wasp.
Start	12.26.32	12.27.02	12.31.52
Sou'west Spit	1.17	1.14	1.20.15
Sandy Hook Light-ship	2.19	2.19.45	2.29
Sou'west Spit (returning)	3.33	3.37.20	3.46.30
Finish	4.32.04	4.35.39	4.39.12

It will be seen here that the *Wasp* actually made as fast time over the course as either of the two leaders, and taking into consideration the difference in square feet of canvas carried, it shows the latest addition to the new class to be a very worthy rival of the present queen, *Gloriana*.

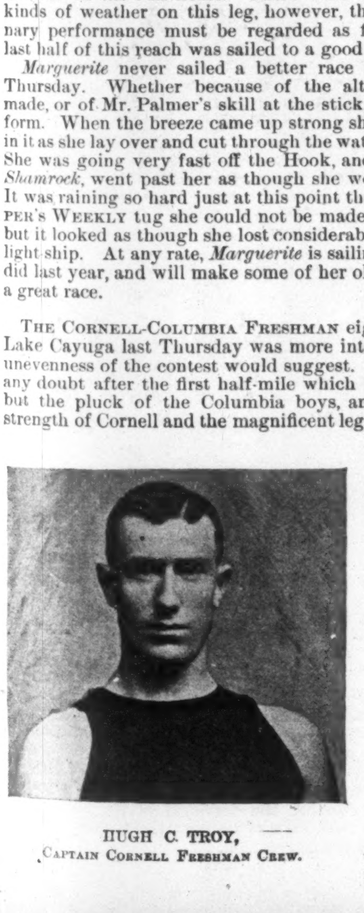
REALLY THE ONLY RACE OF THE DAY was between R. S. Palmer's beautiful schooner *Marguerite* and Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell's *Shamrock*, which last year was a single-sticker. She stands up under her sail splendidly, and bids fair to make a better record in schooner rig than she did as a sloop. It was a good race she sailed on Thursday, and Mr. Maxwell handled her cleverly, particularly at the start, where a drifting match across the line came near resulting disastrously for several of the entries; and as it was, *Marguerite* stuck her bowsprit through the mainsail of the *Comanche*. *Shamrock* got away in the lead, and was first to feel the stiff breeze out to eastward; she held the lead until just before rounding the light-ship, where the wind, blowing hard off the Hook, picked up the *Marguerite* and sent her bowling along after her rival. Rounding the light-ship, the wind increased in strength, and gave Mr. Palmer a lead, which he kept steadily increasing until at the Sou'west Spit he had gained about 4 minutes. Here the wind died out for a time, and gave *Shamrock* an opportunity to pick up a minute, while *Wasp*, which had been 10 minutes behind at the light-ship, and 13 minutes and 30 seconds behind *Marguerite* in rounding Sou'west Spit, was able to gain about 6 minutes in the run home. There were so many different kinds of weather on this leg, however, that any extraordinary performance must be regarded as fluky, though the last half of this reach was sailed to a good breeze.



OSWALD SANDERSON'S 25-RATER "PYXIE."

Marguerite never sailed a better race than she did on Thursday. Whether because of the alterations recently made, or of Mr. Palmer's skill at the stick, she was in great form. When the breeze came up strong she seemed to revel in it as she lay over and cut through the water at a great pace. She was going very fast off the Hook, and on catching the *Shamrock*, went past her as though she were standing still. It was raining so hard just at this point that from the HARPER'S WEEKLY tug she could not be made out very clearly, but it looked as though she lost considerable in rounding the light-ship. At any rate, *Marguerite* is sailing faster than she did last year, and will make some of her old Newport rivals a great race.

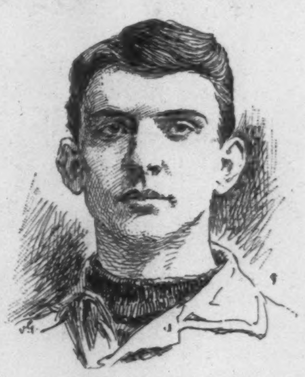
THE CORNELL-COLUMBIA FRESHMAN eight-oared race on Lake Cayuga last Thursday was more interesting than the unevenness of the contest would suggest. There was never any doubt after the first half-mile which crew would win, but the pluck of the Columbia boys, and the wonderful strength of Cornell and the magnificent leg work of her men, made the race extremely interesting up to the very last stroke. The two miles were pulled in 10.56—fast time for dead water. It was something of a surprise to see Columbia pulling so rapid a stroke; forty-two to the minute was stiff work for the New York youngsters, and they could not hold it. If Columbia had a crew of men like young Richards, the stroke, who is a brother of Guy Richards, one of Columbia's greatest oarsmen, she would be able to give Cornell a race; but as it is, they are not strong enough to pull against such muscle as is contained in the Freshman boat at Ithaca. It is astonishing the speed these Cornell crews make, for most of the work with the oar seems to be done the latter part of the stroke. There is none of that putting on of the power at the catch like in the Harvard and Yale crews; but the boat is shot ahead just the same, and every oar bores a hole in the water deep enough to bury an ordinary oarsman. Their leg work is fine, and the kick down is together and powerful. I am speaking of both 'varsity and Freshman crews.



HUGH C. TROY,
CAPTAIN CORNELL FRESHMAN CREW.

IT IS GREATLY TO BE REGRETTED that Yale and Harvard should not have opened the Freshman race at New London to Cornell; the same reason given for refusing a 'varsity race does not apply since the event has been thrown open to Columbia. It is really much of a loss to college aquatics that a university so pre-eminently qualified to test its strength on the water with the best in the country should be confined to events that are more or less walk-overs for its crews. Cornell's Freshman crew should unquestionably be admitted to the New London Harvard-Yale-Columbia race, provided, of course, its members are governed by the same general university regulations as the Freshmen of the other colleges, and to bar it seems hardly sportsmanlike.

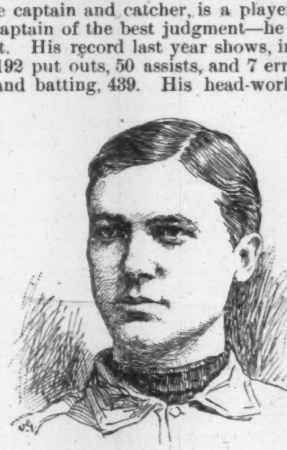
The best interests of college boating likewise demand a race between the 'varsity crews of Harvard, Yale, and Cornell. The 'varsity rivalry between Harvard and Yale is appreciated, and that they should be indifferent to rowing any other crew is readily appreciated. The marked success Cornell has had on the water, however, and the wonderfully fast time her crews have made, seem to demand a test of the two systems of rowing, which are totally at variance one with the other. To persist in a refusal is prejudicial to our national school of rowing. Cornell is willing to row either Harvard or Yale, any place, any time, and any distance; it seems to me as though such sportsmanship should receive some recognition other than continual rebuff.



ASA B. PRIEST.
CORNELL'S PITCHER.

THE MARINE AND FIELD CLUB regatta on Saturday did little more in giving us an idea of the *Wasp's* possibilities than did the races of the N. Y. Y. C. the previous Thursday. *Nautilus*, of all the 46-footers last year, made the poorest showing, *Alborak* excepted, and whatever the *Wasp* might do against her, therefore, would hardly count for much. As a racer the *Nautilus* is out of consideration, for she "falls away" at a pace that is disheartening to any skipper. The *Wasp* beat her over the outside N. Y. Y. C. course twenty minutes, which is not much to the credit of Mr. Rogers's yacht, but then she eased up after rounding the light-ship or she could have done better. It was essentially an *El Chico* day, and the way Mr. Maitland Kersey's odd-looking 25-rater went through the water and stood up under the strong wind was simply astonishing. *Pyxie* did not start, unfortunately, for, although it looks as if the Gardiner boat is too slow, yet it would have been interesting to see another race between them. There was nothing in *El Chico's* class that could make the slightest pretence of a race against her, so she set sail for the 35-footer *Tigress*, and in the run from Gravesend Bay to the Sou'west Spit, actually beat her boat for boat.

CORNELL'S BASEBALL NINE has been playing some very good ball, and its record thus far this season shows that it is not in football alone the older universities must watch this growing athletic power. Priest, who is the team's main hope in the box, is pitching his third year for Cornell, and although a little uncertain at times, he has made an excellent record. Field, the captain and catcher, is a player of marked ability and a captain of the best judgment—he is a leader in every respect. His record last year shows, in 25 games, 3 passed balls, 192 put outs, 50 assists, and 7 errors; fielding average, 972, and batting, 439. His head-work is cool and effective, and the most noteworthy feature of his game is that he never appears to have an "off" day. Taylor, first base, is playing his second season. He bats hard at times, and throwing is his chief weakness, though improving; considering his height (6 feet 5 inches) and reach, his possibilities are great. Sumner, second base, was Oberlin's captain and pitcher last year. He was sick during the early part of the season, and has just begun to get into form. He is a clever batter and fair fielder. Burrows is the oldest man on the team, and he fields well except on slow grounders. Young at third base is a good all-round man, and next to Field the hardest worker on the team. He played end rush on the eleven last fall, and for a new man in baseball he does very well, batting well and fielding bunts very quickly. Miller, W. Young, and Towle have all filled their positions very creditably. Calthrop, the second pitcher, is a new man, but his showing against professional batters in practice has been fair. His fielding is weak. The nine has put up strong games against Harvard and Yale, and should end the season with some good scores to its credit. It put up a good game against the University of Pennsylvania last Saturday until the last couple of innings, when their inexperience told on them, and they went to pieces, while the U. of. P. piled up half a dozen runs.



ARTHUR C. FIELD.
CORNELL'S CATCHER AND CAPTAIN.

THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE RACE, which will probably be sailed about the 25th of this month, promises to be even more interesting than it was last year. The trial races to choose a defender of the cup were held on Saturday by the New York Canoe Club, and while it resulted in no decided selection being made, it showed some clever sailing that augurs well for keeping Mr. Ford Jones from carrying the trophy back to Canada with him. William Whitlock, in his *Hornet*, did very good work, and his canoe seems to be fast enough to warrant its being thoroughly tried before a final selection is made. T. E. H. Barrington, in *Toltec*, and T. S. Oxholm, in *Glenwood*, are two candidates for the honor. The former was the successful defender last year, and he and Oxholm will determine by another race who shall meet the Canadian champion.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLIST ARTHUR ZIMMERMAN is making the latter part of his stay in England a very brilliant one from a record-making point of view. His poor showing at first was due to lack of condition, and he has been riding in championship form ever since. He has lowered the English flying quarter-mile record 2⅗ seconds, making it 30 seconds even; done the same for the half, making it, at Berlin a few days ago, in 1 minute, 4 seconds, and on Saturday he won the open mile in London in 2.24⅕.

THE HARVARD AND YALE CREWS at this writing have just settled down at New London—the former arriving there the early part of the week, and the latter going over Saturday. Harvard's prospects have changed from the gloomiest to the brightest, and the men are showing the effects of Mr. Keyes's association (who finally yielded to the entreaties of all Harvard) by working in harmony and with great vigor. The men are looking splendidly, and will begin to do some good work this week.

Yale's men do not look so rugged, and they impress you as though a rest of a few days would be greatly beneficial. However, with such able coaches as Cook, Cowles, Rogers, and Stevenson to watch over them, the men will have the very best of care and instruction. I shall spend some time at New London this week, and in our next issue have something to say on the relative strength of the crews.

THE ORANGE LAWN-TENNIS CLUB in the last year or two has been giving tournaments that in point of interesting matches have been second to none, while the quality of entries has been exceeded by no local tennis fixture excepting the Country Club of Westchester County. This year, June 29th, the Middle States Championship Challenge Cup, now held by C. E. Sands, will be played for under its auspices, besides which there will be a Middle States championship decided in men's and mixed doubles and women's singles. The winner in the latter will play Miss Mabel Cahill, the present holder of the cup, which was first offered in '89, and becomes the personal property of any one winning it three times.

Before this event, however, the National Championships in women's singles and doubles and mixed doubles will have been decided at Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia (June 21). The singles event is not likely to be especially interesting unless Miss Roosevelt enters; otherwise it looks as if Miss Cahill, the present champion, will have more or less of an easy win. It is not improbable if the Misses Roosevelt enter the tournament that they will win back the honors they lost last year. With the remembrance of '91's experience, they will not compete unless in form, and in that case will play better tennis than they did last year. It is my opinion that the Misses Roosevelt would be invincible in doubles, and the elder in singles, if they had the same drilling in open tournaments that the other young women secure during the season. There is no game in which constant and varied practice is so necessary.

ASIDE FROM THEIR OWN VERY CLEAN WORK in the field, Yale may thank Princeton's stupid errors for at least the second game, which gave them two of the series. It is most unsatisfactory to see a game won on inexcusable and oft-repeated errors. Yale won the first game at New Haven by having a run given them (three men on base, and the batter given first on balls, forcing in runner on third), and on Saturday, when the score was a tie, with each side having a run, Brown muffed two thrown balls at the plate to catch the runner from third, and let in the two runs that won the game. One of these throws was a miserable one from Ramsdell, but Brown had both balls in his hands in time to put out the runner if he had held them. Of course there is no saying here that Yale would not have won the game even without the gift of the two runs, but it was an extremely even chance. Yale put up a clean fielding game despite the two errors, and showed great improvement in batting. Her team played much better ball than Princeton, and will make a stronger fight against Harvard, because the fielders will take better care of the Cambridge's batters' hits. Now that the Princeton's season is over, for the third game in New York with Yale means nothing now, I am not going to hold a post-mortem; but this season's very poor showing should teach several lessons. There are good reasons why men who batted and fielded well last year should do neither well this. There are only a few first-class men on the team, it is true, but there is more in the nine than has been brought out of it.

Yale has a riot of first-class out-fielders in Case, Beall, and Bliss. Norton cannot be excelled at second, and he did good work with the stick on Saturday. Jackson plays a clean snappy game at first, and Carter is very good behind the bat. Bowers is a very heady pitcher; his strongest point appears to be working in strikes on the batter when he is expecting balls.

The game with Harvard on the 23d will be a very interesting test of Yale's fielding strength, though it can hardly win them the day, for Harvard can also field.

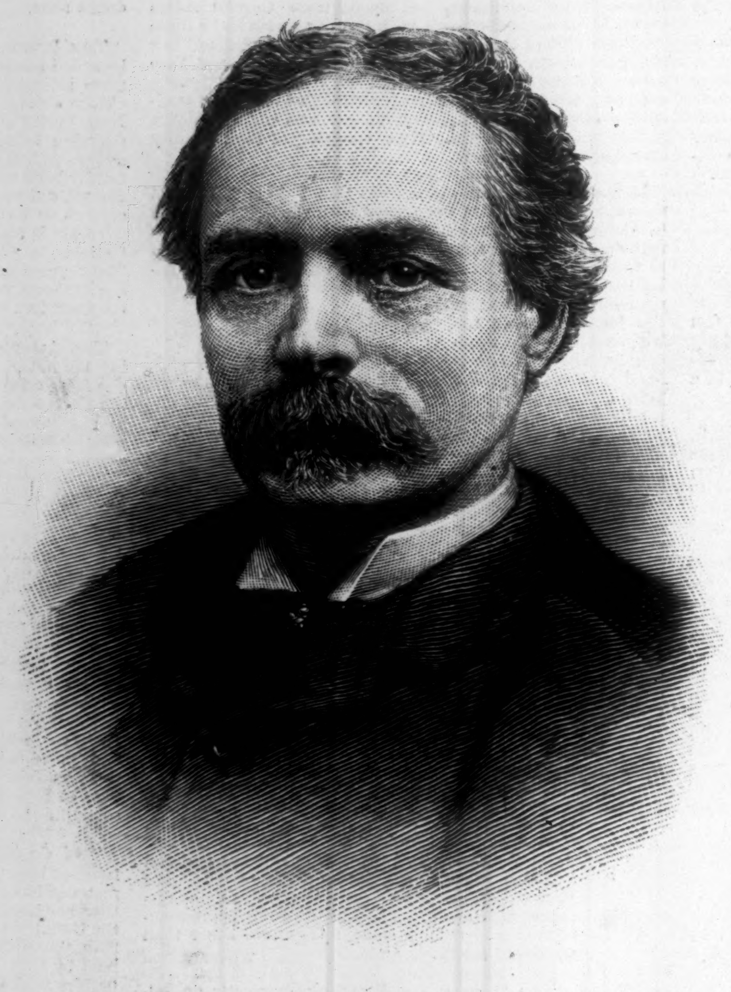
DURELL, PRINCETON'S SECOND-BASEMAN last year, who died recently in Rome, Italy, of Roman fever, was one of the worthiest fellows I ever met. His life was a daily refutation to the charge occasionally made that the athlete has no time for his studies. Durell was a student, and a modest hard-working man in his class and on the play-ground. He was a B.A., and also graduate of the School of Electrical Engineering, in which profession he had great promise of a successful career.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

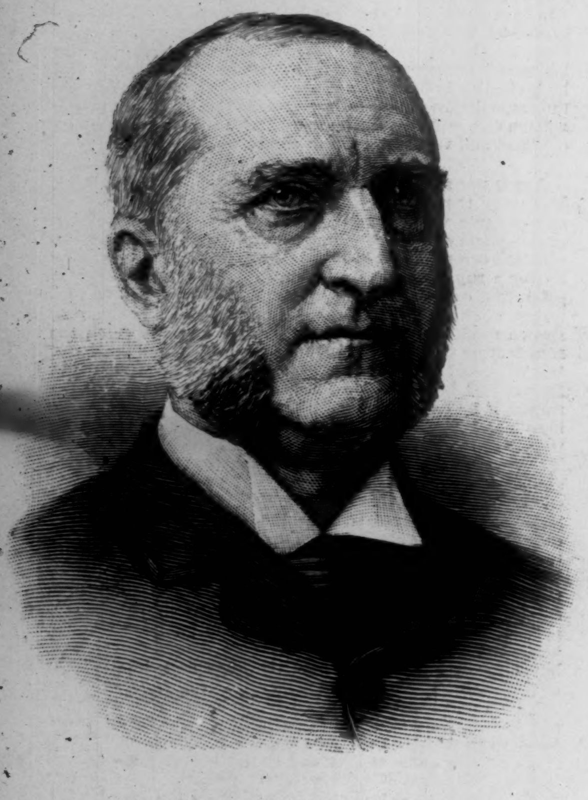
THE CANDIDATES.

Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third President of the United States, son of John Scott Harrison, grandson of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, and great-grandson of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born at North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833. He was graduated at Miami University in 1852, was married in the same year to Caroline Scott, studied law in Cincinnati, and removed in 1854 to Indianapolis, where he has since lived and practised law, except when absent in the public service. This service began in 1862, when he entered the army as a second lieutenant of Indiana Volunteers. He organized a company in the Seventieth Indiana, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and served through the war, receiving the brevet of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, January 23, 1865. He then returned to Indiana, and renewed his practice and his office of reporter to the Supreme Court. In 1876 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Indiana, but was defeated. In 1878 he was appointed by President Hayes a member of the Mississippi River Commission, and in 1880 was elected Senator from Indiana, and he served the full term beginning March 4, 1881, being elected President the year in which his Senatorship expired. The history of his administration is a history, during one Congress, of party legislation, and during the present Congress of no important legislation. His own share in it is to be judged mainly by his appointments to office. Of one part of the foreign policy of the administration he is supposed to be the author, and that is the course pursued in the negotiations with Chile, arising out of the assault of a mob upon some seamen of the man-of-war *Baltimore* while on shore at Valparaiso, and this is too recent to need recounting.

Like his co-candidate, the Republican candidate for Vice-President is a native of Ohio, having been born near Xenia, October 27, 1837, and also, like Mr. Harrison, is a graduate of Miami University, Mr. Reid's class being that of 1856. Very soon after his graduation he became editor of the Xenia *News*, and at the outbreak of the war became a war correspondent for the Cincinnati *Gazette*. His letters, signed "Agate," commanded wide attention. In 1863 he became Librarian of the House of Representatives, and held that post for three years. After the war he was for a time engaged in planting cotton in Louisiana, and of this experience he made a book, *After the War*, published in 1866, and two years later published a more important work on *Ohio in the War*. Immediately afterwards, upon Mr. Greeley's invitation, he joined the staff of the *Tribune*, took charge of the paper when Mr. Greeley became a candidate for the Presidency, and succeeded him after his death in 1872. Since that time the history of Mr. Reid has been that of the *Tribune*, excepting his service as Minister to France under the present administration, a service that is generally esteemed to have been highly creditable to himself and useful to his country, especially in securing the removal of the French prohibition against importation of American salted meats. Mr. Reid returned home during the past winter, and has been succeeded in Paris by Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Boston.



THE HON. WHITELAW REID, OF NEW YORK, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



THE HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

It was half past five o'clock in the evening when President Harrison learned of his renomination, a special wire from Minneapolis to the White House carrying the good news. To the newspaper correspondents who crowded into the cabinet-room to offer their congratulations the President made a short address. He said:

"Well, gentlemen, I have had a good deal of intercourse with newspaper men. It has been mostly at arm's-length, except on a few occasions of this kind; and yet some of you know that while I am very averse to interviews, my door has always been open to a friendly call from any of you, and any information about public business has been at your disposal.

"I can only say, with reference to this event that has brought you here, that the first thought that fills my mind is one of gratitude and thanks to the great multitude of friends who have in this way and divers other ways expressed approval of very conscientious, though possibly now and then mistaken, attempts to serve the country upon Republican lines. I claim no other credit than that of having attempted, without sparing myself as to labor, to discharge these public duties conscientiously. I cannot expect my Democratic friends to think I have been on right lines always, and yet it has been very gratifying to me to know that many things have secured the approval of my political opponents. I have been filled with the thought that this country was coming to an epoch when the flag and the things that it symbolizes will be upon a still higher plane than now, and when our influence among the powers of the earth will be enlarged wisely and yet energetically.

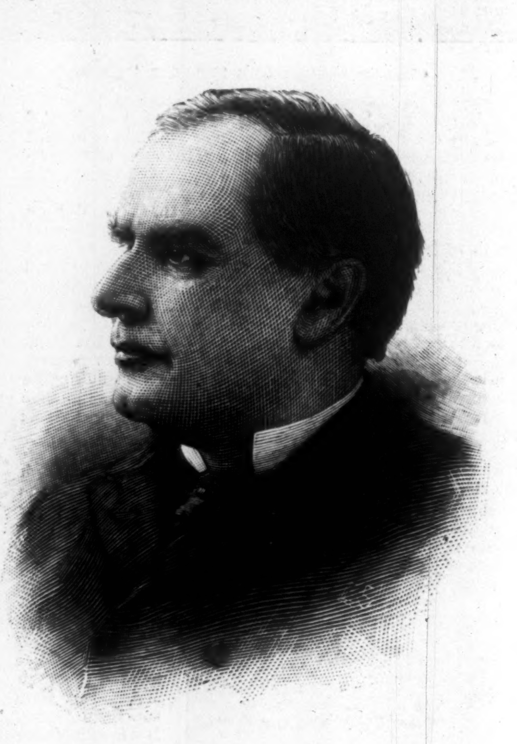
"I have a sincere love for all our people. I exclude no section. I take into my affection and respect all the States and all our people. In entering upon this campaign I shall do so without malice toward any one. I think I have sometimes been suspected of being very little of a politician from the fact that I have never drawn, inside my party, personal lines. I have tried to treat every one with that respect to which his station entitled him, and I have never in any case suggested, much less demanded, personal loyalty from anybody. I have asked of all public officers a faithful performance of their duty. I have felt great regret that I was unable to find a suitable place for every deserving friend, but I have insisted that I did not disparage those I could not appoint to place. As I have had light and strength I have tried to discharge my duties for the public good.

"I thank you all for many evidences of your kindness. I wish also to express my thanks with a heart that overflows with gratitude to the faithful body of friends who have been so solicitous in my behalf, and more than that, to that great body of well-disposed, order-loving, patriotic Americans who have always and everywhere received me kindly." (Applause.)

THE NEWS IN NEW YORK.

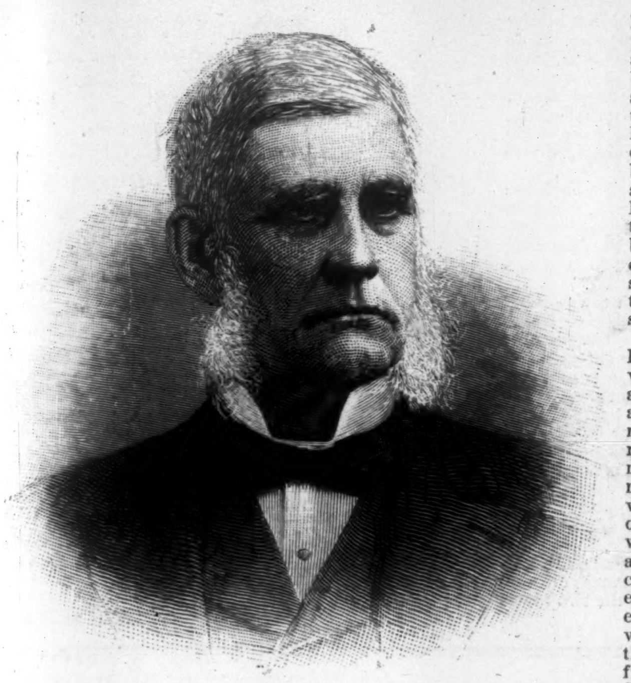
On Friday, when it became apparent that the Convention was really going to do something, considerable interest was aroused in this city, which increased as the day waned. Portraits of the two foremost candidates hung in many windows, and before them small crowds gathered, seeming to derive satisfaction from a study of the familiar faces. Then the self-appointed assertive oracles, who knew just what was going to happen, began to enliven things a little. The amount of information, "received from inside sources, y' know," that these oracles liberally distributed was exceedingly amusing, giving proof of decided internal disorder. Little groups of men got together and talked loudly. "Ben" and "Jimmie" were affectionately referred to. One man spoke of "the iceberg," and everybody laughed when another suggested that he was just the man to freeze the rest out. The prevailing Blaine sentiment of a few days before had completely collapsed. One elderly and portly gentleman was heard telling his friend of a poll taken in the café of the Union League Club among twenty men, and every one found to favor Mr. Harrison—"not a Blaine man among them, sir." Not far away a Blaine man was saying that his choice couldn't help being nominated—"and then, sir, sweeping the country with the largest majority ever given." But the latter variety of man was not prominent, while there were plenty ready to back a dark horse. Then the crowds began to gather about the newspaper bulletin-boards and the "tickers" that gave the news of the Convention. Here the oracle was in force. He brayed with a right good will, and found many in sympathy with whatever he said.

There were lots of fun when two oracles with conflicting opinions came together, and best of all was the good-humor displayed by these gentlemen. As the despatches were posted on the bulletin-board the man who knew it all to the exclusion of everybody else came to the fore. When Governor McKinley's name was mentioned, this encyclopædic personage told how he was "chairman of the committee." No one seemed to know to the contrary, and everybody accepted the information silently and graciously. When it was reported that the Convention was cheering Mr. Blaine's name, the crowd grinned; but when fifteen minutes passed, and the next despatch said that the Convention was still cheering, the crowd grew restless. The situation was generally discussed, with the decision "that means Blaine," and the multitude gave another example of its gracious unanimity by agreeing with whatever was said. Finally the balloting began, and the crowd grew in numbers and waxed impatient. After the votes of a few States had been given, everybody told everybody else that he knew it would be Harrison from the start. When a slight Blaine rally came, the crowd was certain that Harrison really couldn't get enough votes. The masses of men who waited for the news, although probably possessing slight individual opinions, accommodated their views every time to the fluctuating reports, and were very pleasant about it. When at last the result of the vote was given, some crowds cheered loudly, others received the news in silence, while the majority remarked, "Harrison—I knew it!" Then the newsboys made life miserable with their shrieks of "extra," and the crowds faded away in a twinkling.



THE HON. WILLIAM McKINLEY, JUN., PERMANENT CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.

The bulletin-boards of the uptown branch offices of the great dailies were watched with interest by crowds of people, and later in the evening the corridors of the leading hotels were thronged with men of both parties eagerly discussing the verdict of the convention.



THE LATE SIDNEY DILLON.

SIDNEY DILLON.

THE name of Sidney Dillon is one with which nearly everybody has been familiar for a number of years, although the man personally, save in a general way, has not been so well known to the public. The name is one used in common with Vanderbilt, Gould, Field, and other magnates who control the great system of railroads in this country, and gives an idea of influence and power as a representative of wealth. From his youth until the last fatal sickness overcame him, Mr. Dillon was an indefatigable worker and pre-eminently a man of business. It had ever been his desire to build up a fortune and a name for himself, and to his keen business sense and tireless energy was due his success. His parents were humble people of Irish descent. His grandfather had fought in the Revolutionary war, and his father was a small farmer near Northampton, Montgomery County, New York. Here Sidney Dillon was born May 7, 1812. He was the eldest child of a family of five, and his lot was one of unceasing labor, coupled with no advantages of education, even of the simplest kind. He was about ten years old when he went to work for himself. A railroad contractor, who was engaged in building a road between Albany and Schenectady, hired him, at one dollar a week, to carry water to the laborers. Thus his first work was in connection with the railway system, though in the humblest capacity, and his good fortune seemed to lead him from the start. His life work was connected with railroads in all branches of the business, and he kept pace with the growing needs of the country until he came to be a controlling power. Industry marked his steps; his ambition was to be a man of fortune. In a few years after his venture he had accumulated enough money to buy a horse and wagon, and he still remained with the contractor in a little larger capacity. His single horse and wagon multiplied, and he began to widen his sphere, hauling earth and fuel and water for other railroads. Still retaining his hauling business, he accepted the post of overseer on a new road that was being constructed, and in a comparatively short time had so mastered every detail of the business that his ability was generally recognized. He then risked his all by undertaking a contract for himself, and in this venture was wholly successful.

About this time his headquarters were in New York, and he formed the acquaintance of many pioneer railroad men whose names became famous as the years went on. Numerous other railroads were built by him, and his business increased to a large extent. His greatest achievement was the construction of the tunnel from the Grand Central Depot to Harlem, a work given to him by Commodore Vanderbilt. He personally superintended the building of this great work, and completed it at a cost of $7,000,000. The profits of this work in itself were very large, but Mr. Dillon was still urged onward by his ambition. When the plan of the Union Pacific Railroad was known, Sidney Dillon interested himself in the work, and obtained the contract for building it. He broke the ground himself in 1862, and, after years of labor and personal supervision, helped to drive the silver spike that completed the great work. In 1864 he was made a director in the road, and after received the presidency, which he held for ten years, resigning in 1884 in favor of Charles Francis Adams, Jun. He still retained his place on the board, and was again made president in 1890, resigning only two months ago. In addition to this, Mr. Dillon was connected with a number of other corporations in the capacity of director and adviser. He was one of the most practical railroad men in the country, being familiar with every detail of the business, having passed through every branch himself.

Mr. Dillon married in 1841. His wife was a resident of Amherst, Massachusetts, and his married life was one of great happiness. After his busy day was over he cared for nothing more than his home, which was enriched with all the comforts of this modern day, where he was the soul of hospitality. Mrs. Dillon died in 1883, leaving two married daughters.

TURNED COMPLETELY TOPSY-TURVY

By the malicious sprite, dyspepsia, the stomach may still regain its accustomed order and equilibrium by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heartburn, wind on the stomach, sour eructations, nervous annoyance, and disturbed rest, all indicative of chronic indigestion, are obviated by it. It is unparalleled for malaria, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, and la grippe.—[*Adv.*]

A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER TOUR TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just announced a delightful summer tour to Washington for June 16th from New York. It will be a tour of exceptional attractiveness for those who desire to make a review of Washington. Tickets will be sold from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Newark at $14.50, and from Trenton $13.75. This rate covers transportation, meals *en route,* and hotel accommodations.

Passengers not desiring meals *en route* can obtain tickets at $1.50 less than above rates.

Tourists have the option of securing accommodations at the best hotels in Washington. Special cars will be provided for the journey between New York and Washington, and, in short, every care will be taken to insure a delightful time while under the charge of the personally-conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The tour will reach New York on return trip the afternoon of June 18th.

Applications for space should be made to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

ADD 20 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to every glass of impure water you drink.—[*Adv.*]

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Apollinaris

"More wholesome than any Aerated Water which art can supply.

"Invalids are recommended to drink it."—THE TIMES, London.

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

SOZODONT,

in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Great Western
THE FINEST
CHAMPAGNE
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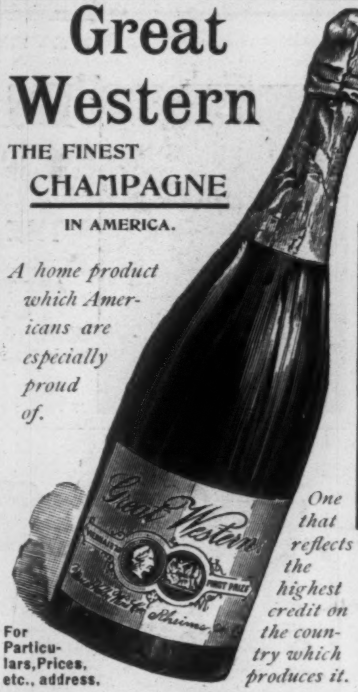

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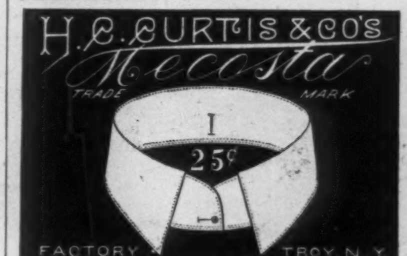

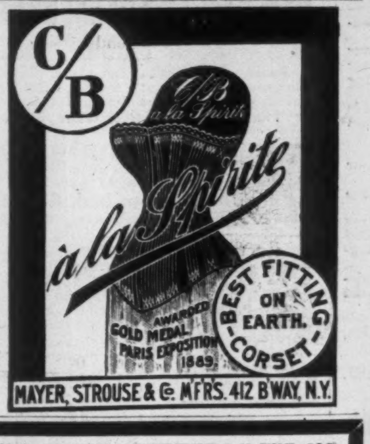
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All the sermons in the world on the ineffectiveness of man as opposed to nature could never prove the text so thoroughly as a great tornado might do in the space of sixty seconds. The refuge of primeval man—a cave in the ground—is safer during the storm than any other haven that modern civilization can suggest, for by natural means alone can one cope with the forces of nature. On the evening of May 27th the wind swept through the little towns of Wellington and Harper in southern Kansas, and in a few seconds the path of the storm was marked by destruction and death. It had come without warning, and as quickly passed away, but the effects were terrible. The death list, as far as can be computed, is from twenty-five to thirty, and the number of the injured is much greater. In Harper all property suffered to greater or less extent, and in Wellington a wide swath was cut through the city, destroying in all more than a hundred and fifty buildings. The two places are practically demolished.

The tornado came in the early part of the night, and few were conscious of it until it almost passed away. The wind had a rotary motion, apparently rising and falling, and many were the strange freaks that it played. The greatest wonder of it all is that more people were not killed. Enormous trees were lifted in the air, roots and all. Houses that were not unroofed or levelled at once were turned completely about on their foundations, and in some cases picked up and set down again with their roofs resting on the ground. Large stones were carried upwards, and deposited in the second stories of roofless dwellings. Freight-cars were carried two hundred feet, and tossed about like playthings. A horse was picked up in one instance, and carried to the top of a tall building, and left there; and in another instance a baby was taken from its cradle, borne by the wind two whole blocks, and then laid upon the ground unhurt. A ball was in progress at Wellington when the wind swept down, and the dancers fled in terror, some of them to meet their death. At another hall the Salvation Army held a prayer-meeting, and the prayers were interrupted by the falling walls of the building, but the majority of the congregation escaped into the street uninjured.

The number of narrow escapes were wellnigh miraculous in many cases. One man sought refuge in a box, which in turn was quickly buried under two feet of brick, upon which the débris was piled. It took nearly the whole of one day to rescue him, but when reached, he was found to have suffered no injury at all.

Immediately after the storm passed, in both towns relief parties went to work with a will, and neighboring places contributed all the assistance in their power. The scene of desolation is said to have been terrible in the extreme, and the relief of the injured and the recovery of the dead was a work of great difficulty. Among the strange things of the storm is the apparent discrimination made by the wind. Where frame houses were merely unroofed or overturned, more substantial buildings of brick were reduced to the level of their foundations. One entire block of solid brick was tumbled into a heap in Wellington, wrecking everything contained therein. The after-scenes attendant upon the finding of the dead and the search for the missing were most pathetic. Old and young suffered alike, and in one case, where a bride was killed, the grief of her young husband is said to have unsettled his mind. The details are altogether heart-rending, and nearly every one in the two towns suffered some loss.

A SONG OF YOUTH.

Laughed the youth, "Love's silken chain
 Hath no charm for me
When the whole world I may gain—
 Life is Love," quoth he.

"Love is blinding," cried the youth,
 "From Love's altar fires
Rises smoke that shuts out Truth,
 Hides Life's high desires.

"Daphne of the woodland shrine,
 Phyllis of the field,
Seek to woo with arts divine,
 But to none I yield."

Eros first laughed at his words,
 Then the god grew wroth,
Like the whir of humming-birds
 Sped the arrow forth.

Where Hypatia of the school
 Taught philosophy,
Bent the youth before her stool,
 For her love prayed he.

Like a bird with broken wings,
 Which dares not to move,
Listened he to abstract things,
 Life bereft of Love.

"Love is life," the poor youth prayed,
 "All the world thou art,"
While the fair Platonic maid
 Smiled, but owned no heart.

Eros laughed. "This is the cure
 Of the gods," cried he.
"Who thinks Love does not endure
 Finds philosophy."

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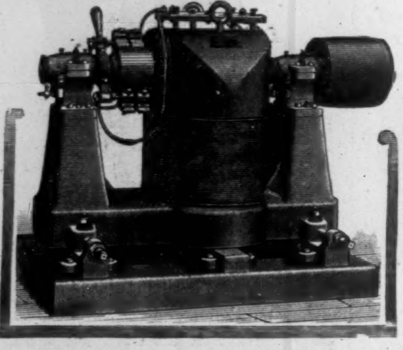
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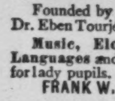
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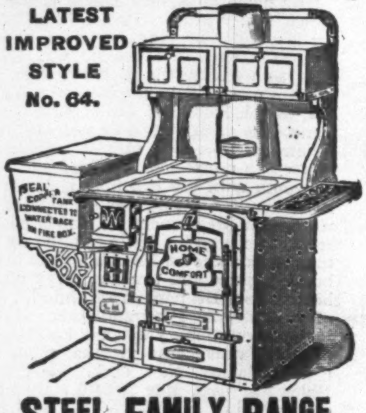
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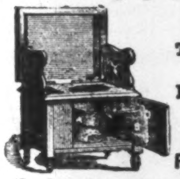

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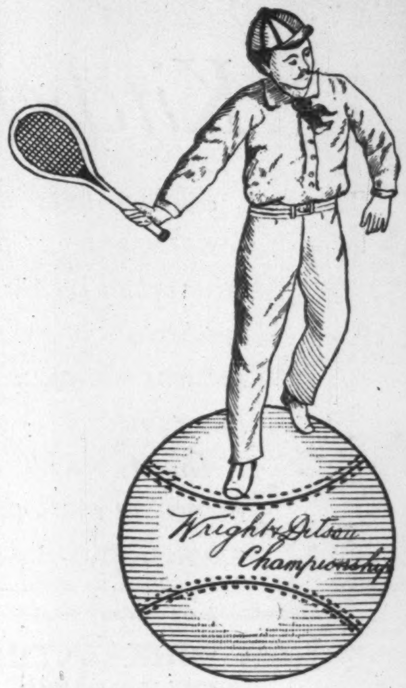

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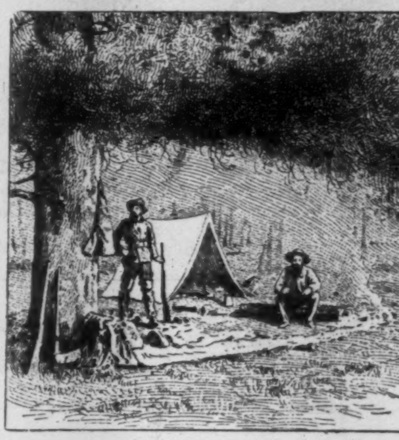

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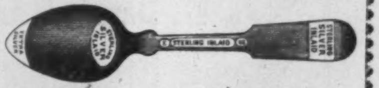

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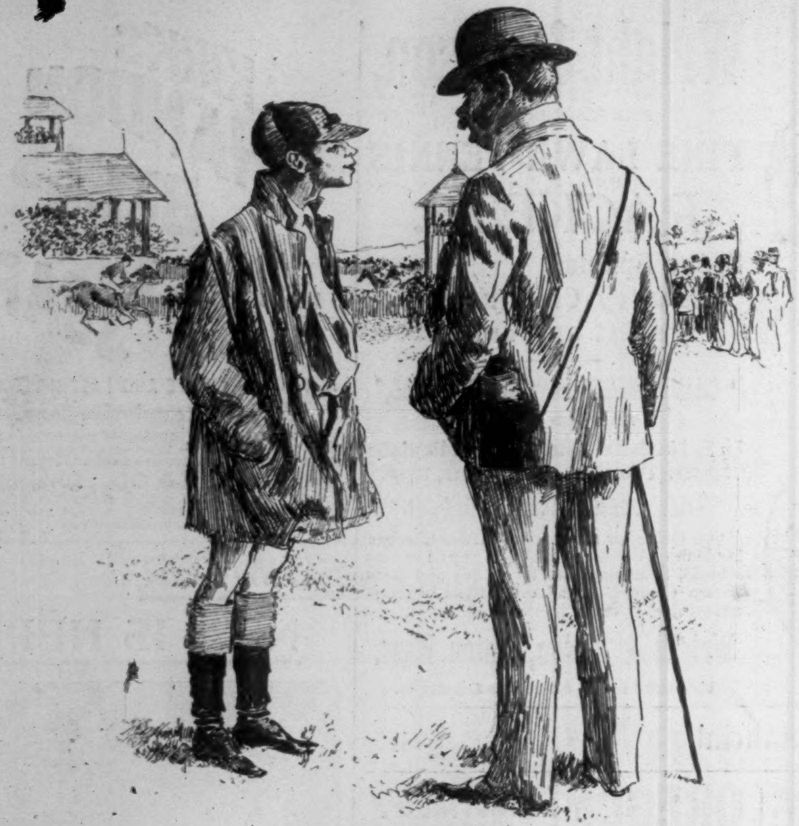
BEATTY Pianos $175. Organs $49. Want Ag'ts. Cat. FREE. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.



A STRAIGHT TIP.

SPORT. "I say, Jack, can't you give me a tip on the Suburban?"
JOCKEY. "I never gives tips; I sells 'em."
SPORT. "Well, here's a fiver."
JOCKEY. "Thanks. Don't bet on nothin'; that's the straightest tip against losin' your dust I knows of."

Pears' Soap

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If we wash with proper soap the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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The Year Round.

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AN ENGLISH PREPARATION.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

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is deemed superior to all others:

1st.—It is a pure water, and, unlike most of the table waters is unadulterated by salt or any other ingredient.

2d.—It is a *fresh* water from a mountain spring, and has the pleasant taste and refreshing quality which can only be found in mountain spring water.

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4th.—It is the most sparkling and effervescent of all waters, being charged with its own gas taken out of the same spring.

5th.—Recommended by all physicians who have tried it as the best remedy known for indigestion and stomach troubles.

6th.—Without a rival for diluting wines and liquors.

Unexcelled for Family, Club, Restaurant, and Bar.

Packed in cases of 50 Quarts. 24 Quarts. 100 Pints. 48 Pints. Convenient forms for Dealer and Consumer.

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MEDITERRANEAN,

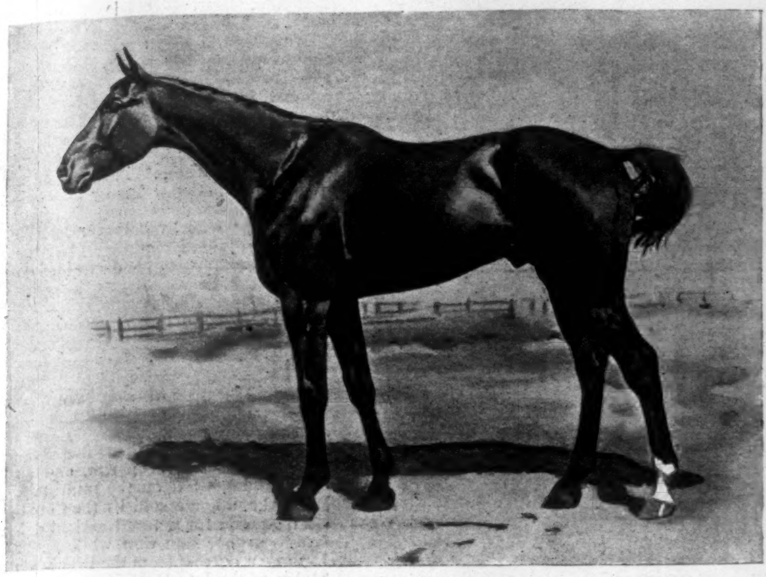
on June 18, July 2, July 23, Aug. 6, Aug. 27, Sept. 10, Oct. 1.

Travellers intending to visit the **Italian Lakes, Switzerland,** the **Tyrol,** will find this route the most direct, easiest, and most comfortable. Switzerland can be reached in six hours from Genoa.

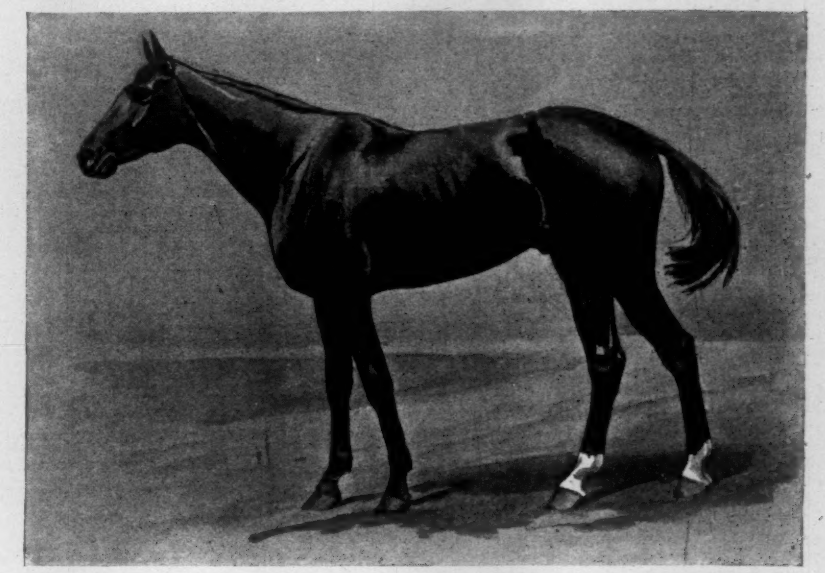
OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP.

BY JOHN A. HENNESSY—ILLUSTRATED BY MAX F. KLEPPER.



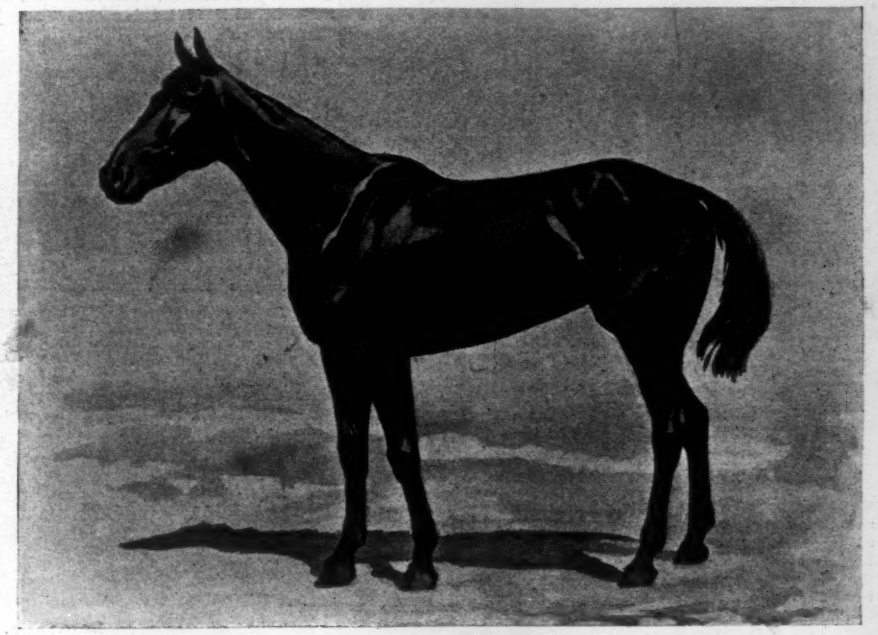
LONGFORD.



ALAN BANE.

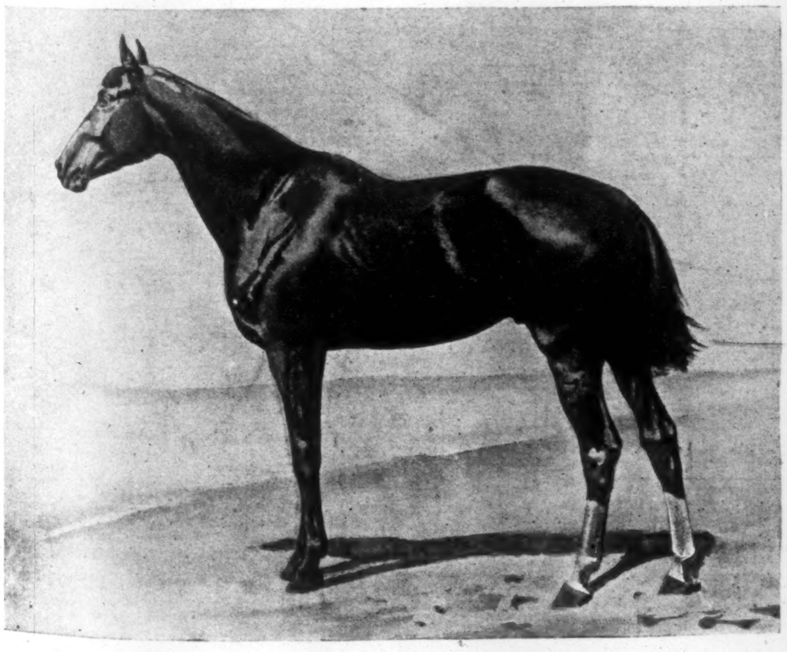
THE love of sport, which is ingrained in the people of the British Isles more markedly than in those of any other country, made itself felt here in colonial times, and racing on Hempstead Heath, not far from where the beautiful Garden City cathedral is now, was begun and carried on by those whose birthplace was the soil of England. By successive gradations, racing thus introduced grew to notable proportions, until in the second quarter of this century the meeting once or twice a year of the champion thoroughbred of one section of the United States with the champion of another section became an event of national importance, so great, in fact, that when Fashion and Boston ran their famous race at the old Jamaica track on Long Island, people journeyed from Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas to see the contest. Cabinet officers, diplomats, and statesmen of various degrees were in the throng. That man of fistic prowess, Yankee Sullivan, was at the head of a band of sturdy fellows chosen to keep order. Racing then was a sport of healthy growth, and nourished by the sectional enthusiasm of the time. The rivalry between the turfmen of the North and South caused heavy wagers to be made, but betting was a mere incident, not the chief business part, as now, of racing. The decision of the famous Suburban Handicap on Saturday next, June 18th, at the Sheepshead Bay track will serve well to illustrate the giant strides of racing since the time that the great politician Henry Clay was a devotee of the turf.

The element of sport in racing is now overshadowed by the growth of gambling. Sentiment finds little to thrive upon on the turf. Each racetrack is a big Stock Exchange. The bulk of the regular race-goers, if they had nothing else to do, would wager money on the number of matches in a box. They are gamblers. But a race like the Suburban Handicap, or the Futurity Stakes, or the Junior Champion Stakes, calls out that large element which seeks recreation rather than financial gain—an element that can draw positive enjoyment from a stirring contest among horses of great renown. The Suburban Handicap is a well-arranged race for these sport-loving people. It is a grand spectacle from beginning to end, and one that arouses to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the on-looking multitude. The adjustment of weights is the key to the success of a handicap like the Suburban. The handicapper endeavors to bring all the horses on an equal footing, he assuming that they will be all perfectly trained and well ridden. He bases his allotment of weights on the previous running of the horses, and if his work is well done, every contestant has admirers, and the growth of rivalry from day to day serves to strengthen the interest felt by thousands of persons. The boiling-point of enthusiasm is sometimes reached days before the race, and the overflow comes with the final struggle in the homestretch, when the game thoroughbreds, fully extended and helped along by whalebone and spur, flash by, one to fame and victory, the others to defeat. Strangers embrace each other, hats go in the air, women cry or laugh or scream as the notion takes them, and emotional insanity holds sway until the winning jockey is buried in flowers. Then there is peace, meditation, joy, and sorrow.

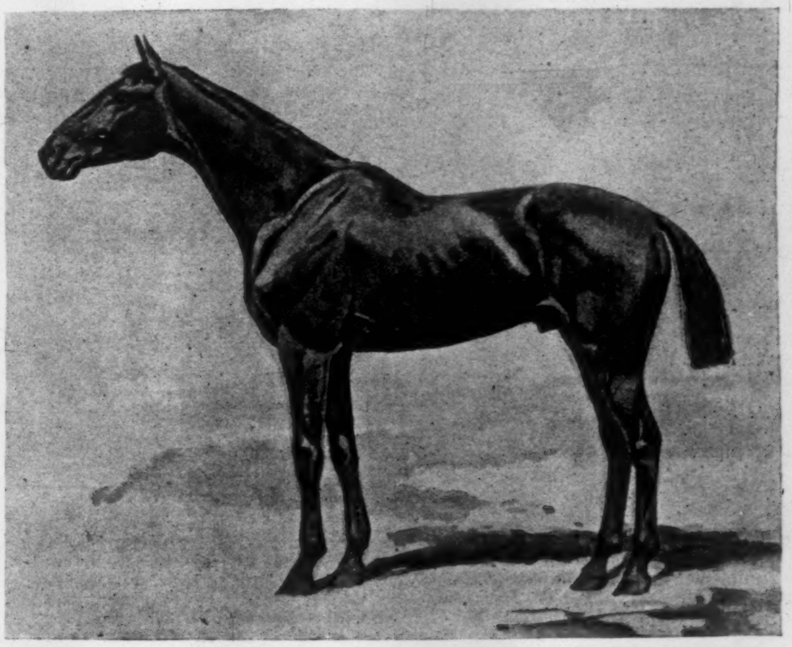


RACELAND.

This will be the ninth Suburban Handicap, the first having been run on Tuesday, June 10, 1884. Oddly enough, the first Suburban was the best ever run, if we take into consideration the quality as well as the number of the horses, and also the thrilling finish—heads only separating General Monroe, War Eagle, and Jack of Hearts at the end, while the favorite, George Kinney, with the highest weight—132 pounds—ever carried in such a handicap, was a good fourth, having behind him such famous performers as Pizarro, Barnes, Rica, and Heel and Toe. General Monroe was six years old, carried 126 pounds, and was ridden by William Donohue, now, as then, the wealthiest jockey in America. The time of the race was 2.11¾ for the mile and a quarter. The winning horse was second choice in the betting. On Thursday, June 11, 1885, the second Suburban was run. There was no public betting that day, which was all that saved many of the book-makers from ruin, as Mr. Pierre Lorillard had a comparatively unknown horse in the handicap, Pontiac by name, which won in hollow style, General Monroe, the winner of the first Suburban, finishing last of the bunch of sixteen. But Pontiac's victory was not so surprising as the defeat of Monogram,



JUDGE MORROW.



LONGSTREET.

over whose performance the public had gone crazy for a month previous to the race, the horse carrying everything before him in the West. His owner would have won $50,000 in the ante-post books. Monogram's public trial for the race made victory seem certain, but a few hours before the contest he was attacked with a chill. He was never prominent in the race. The public was saved from loss, however, as there was no open betting at the track. The race was won in 2.09½.

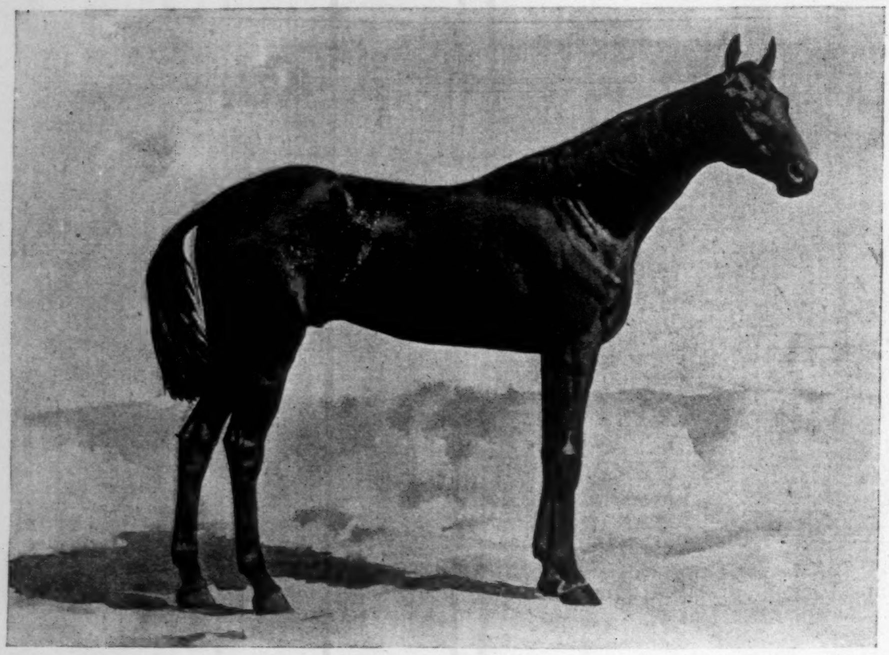
The winning by one man of $80,000 marked the sensational Suburban Handicap run on Thursday, June 10, 1886. The lucky man was Captain S. S. Brown, a Pittsburg millionaire, who captured the race with his horse Troubadour, then four years old. It was the most successfully planned *coup* known to American turf history. Captain Brown purchased the horse about ten months before the race. Troubadour had a moderate reputation in the West, but had never been East. William Rodgers, trainer for Captain Brown, soon became convinced that he had a race-horse of rare merit, and the four-year-old was entered in the Suburban. In the winter books as much as 150 to 1 was laid against the horse. Captain Brown's agents visited all the big cities and played the horse, but only in small amounts, so as to avoid suspicion, and keep the market price from being cut. They got, on an average, as good as 75 to 1 for their money, while on the day of the race Troubadour was second choice at 4 to 1, Lizzie Dwyer holding the post of favorite at 3 to 1 against. The late Captain William Connor, by special request, started the horses, and did well. Troubadour led from start to finish, and won with ridiculous ease from a field of twenty horses. Jockey Fitzpatrick rode him. People doubted the ability of the horse, and he was matched the Suburban distance against Miss Woodford, the acknowledged champion of the turf. The race was the greatest ever run up to that date, and the hitherto peerless mare was defeated by Troubadour. The latter had bad feet, and did not race often, or he might have proved himself the greatest thoroughbred foaled on the continent.

The Suburban of 1887 was made memorable and sorrowful for many. Quito and Ben Ali, the two favorites, ridden respectively by Garrison and McLaughlin, were left at the post by the starter, who unintentionally dropped his flag, giving Eurus, owned by Mr. A. J. Cassatt, a lead of four lengths, with the other horses strung out. Eurus, at 20 to 1 in the betting, was never caught, and the public lost a lot of money. Paris mutuels paid $230 85 for $5. In the following year the mutuels paid $229 25 for $5 on Elkwood, but that horse won on his merits, carrying 119 pounds, and in a furious drive beating the favorite, Terra Cotta, 122 pounds, a head; Firenzi, 119 pounds, a neck away; while Eurus, winner the year before, was a good fourth. The race was run in 2.07½, the mile in 1.41½, Royal Arch leading up to the latter point with odds of $100 to $1 against him. The Suburban of 1889 does not deserve much comment. Raceland, the favorite, won as he pleased in 2.09⅘, having behind him two previous Suburban winners, Eurus and Elkwood, neither of which, however, was in the first three.

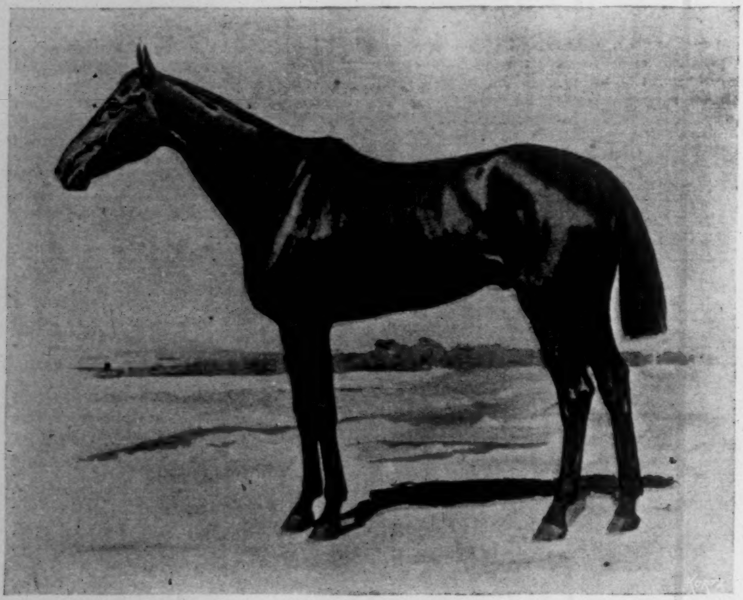
A small number but a royal lot of race-horses made up the Suburban field of 1890. Longstreet, Salvator, Tenny, Cassius, Prince Royal, Raceland, and Firenzi were there. Not since the first Suburban had such quality been shown. The partisans of Tenny and Salvator acted like madmen. More than a million dollars was staked on these two alone. Each was at 9 to 5 against in the betting. It was the fastest Suburban ever run. The time was 2.06⅘, Salvator first by a head from Cassius, Tenny a length away, the others nowhere. This caused a match race between Tenny and Salvator, same weights and distance, which was won by Salvator in 2.05 for the mile and a quarter, after the most desperate struggle ever noted on a race-track, he winning by the shortest of heads. Last year's Suburban horses were not up to the usual standard, Tenny excepted, and he was made the one overwhelming favorite against the field, it being necessary to put up $10 for a chance of winning $7. Nine in every ten persons at the track had some sort of wager on him. He was disgracefully beaten before five of the ten furlongs had been run, and an ominous hush fell on the multitude. Loantaka, a horse sold by the Countess d'Agreda for a few hundred dollars to a poor man, won, while Major Domo, an outcast from the Brookdale Stable of the late D. D. Withers, was a good second. There was $30 to $1 against the winner.

The Suburban Handicap this year will be a race of great merit. No one horse overshadows another. It is the most open race in years at this writing, although the daily accidents of training may reduce the size of the field, and make the issue less uncertain. Mr. Lawrence has made an admirable handicap. He had a hard task, owing to the large number of high-class horses named, but the acceptances show that the horse-owners were satisfied. The field will number about sixteen horses, including the best all-aged thoroughbreds in training—Longstreet excepted and perhaps Tenny, as the latter may not go to the post. The favorite is Major Domo, winner of the Brookdale Handicap this year at Gravesend, and conqueror of Russell, Longstreet, and other horses. He was sec-

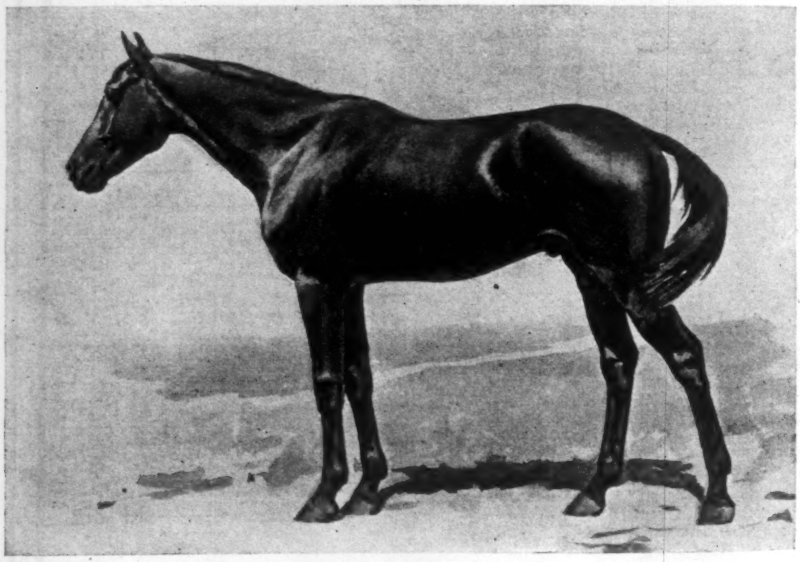
(*Continued on page 599.*)



TOURNAMENT.



PICKNICKER.

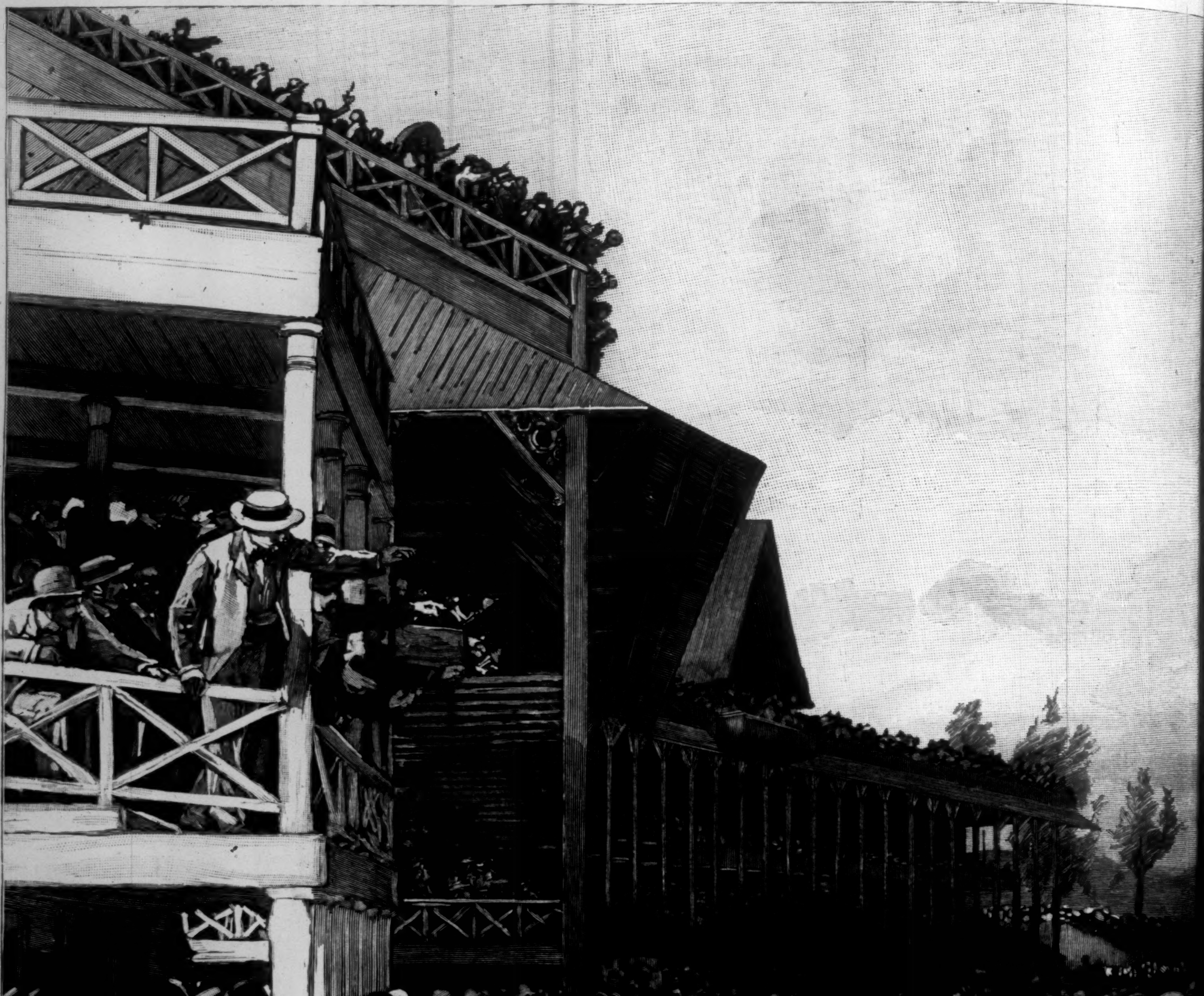


LOANTAKA.

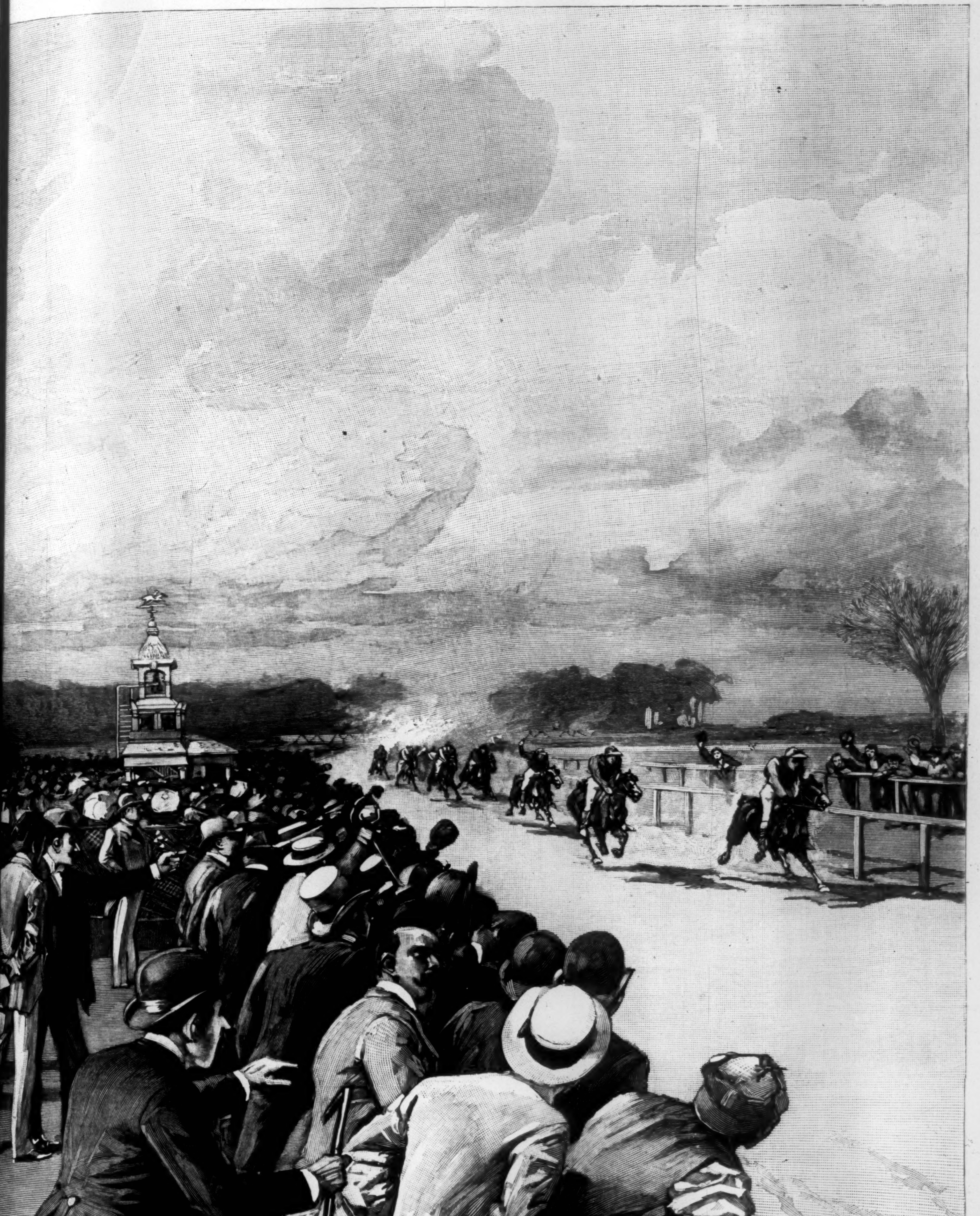
PESSARA.

STRATHMEATH.

June 18th



THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP.—



rawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 593.]

THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP.

(Continued from page 594.)

ond in last year's Suburban. His owner, Mr. Spier, would rather win one Suburban than gain $100,000. The horse is at Sheepshead Bay, in good health, and has a brilliant chance. Next in the order of public favor comes Picknicker. If he does not go wrong, go off his feed or lose his present good form, he will be one of the contending horses, his followers believe.

In a race of this sort there are always "dark" horses. These are kept under cover, and the public is often deceived as to their condition. The particular dark horses in the handicap are Montana, owned by Mr. Marcus Daly, the copper-mine capitalist, and Strathmeath, the property of Green B. Morris, who won the Brooklyn Handicap with Judge Morrow. Both horses have received a special preparation at the hands of careful trainers, and have been quietly supported in the ante-post betting. If delivered fit at the post, Montana's chance for the race would lead all others, but he is a most peculiar horse to handle, and does not like big fields. He will have Garrison to ride him, however, and that jockey will get every ounce of speed out of him. Strathmeath is as game as a bull-dog, but may not be able to hold his own for speed with some of the others, including Pessara, winner of the Metropolitan Handicap, and those others mentioned above. Poet Scout, like Tenny, is an uncertainty as yet. It cannot be said that either will start, though of course, if they do go to the post, they will have legions of followers. Bermuda is another on the doubtful list, but, like his stable companion Sallie McClelland, is receiving the unremitting care of his owner and trainer, Byron McClelland. Fit and well, he would surely be in the first three on a dry track.

No three-year-old has ever won a Suburban Handicap, and much as His Highness, Locohatchee, and Lamplighter are esteemed by turfmen as sterling colts, the task set for them so early in the year seems too much. Of the three, His Highness would have the better chance, but it is by no means certain he will start, as he will be a competitor later in the meeting for the $40,000 Realization. The other likely starters are Madstone, Eon, Rey del Rey, Terrifier, Sleipner, and perhaps Tournament. They make up an exceptionally high-class field, and with a fair start and good jockeyship, the issue ought to be, and probably will be, in doubt until the last few strides in the great race.

A ROSE SONG.

Roses, roses, roses,
  Bending in the light—
Red rose and yellow rose
  And pink rose and white.

Dainty petals, snowy,
  Yellow, pink, and red,
Drifting like the butterflies
  Round the tulip bed.

Till the happy bumblebee
  Overflows with tune,
And murmurs in the rose-tree,
  "June, June, June."

R. K. Munkittrick.

CAPT'N DAVY'S HONEY-MOON.

BY HALL CAINE,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Shadow of a Crime."
"She's All the World to Me," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

When Mrs. Quiggin came down to breakfast next morning, a change both in her appearance and in her manner caught the eye and ear of Jenny Crow. Her fringe was combed back from her forehead, and her speech, even in the first salutation, gave a delicate hint of the broad Manx accent.

"Ho, ho! what's this?" thought Jenny; and she had not long to wait for an answer.

An English waiter, who affected the ways of a French one, was fussing around with needless inquiries—*Would Madame have this? Would Madame do that?*—and when this person had scraped himself out of the room, Mrs. Quiggin drew a long breath and said, "I don't think I care so very much for this sort of thing, after all, Jenny."

"What sort of thing, Nelly?"

"Waiters and servants and hotels and things," said Nelly.

"Really!" said Jenny.

"It's wonderful how much happier you are when you can be your own servant, and boil your own kettle, and mash your own tea, and lay your own cloth, and clear away and wash up afterwards."

"Do you say so, Nelly?"

"'Deed I do, though, Jenny. There's some life in the like of that—seeing to yourself and such like. And what are the pleasures of towns and streets and hotels and servants, and such botherations to those of a sweet old farm that is all your own somewhere? And, to think—to think, Jenny, getting up in the summer morning before the sun itself, when the light is that cool dead gray, and the last stars are dying off, and the first birds are calling to their mates that are still asleep, and then going round to the cow-house in the clear, crisp, ringing air, and startling the rabbits and the hares that are hopping about in the haggard—oh, it's delightful!"

"Really now!" said Jenny.

"And then the men coming down stairs, half awake and yawning, in their shirt sleeves and their stocking feet, and pushing on their boots and clattering out to the stable, and shouting to the horses that are stamping in their stalls; and then you yourself busy as Thop's wife laying the cups and saucers, and sending the boys to the well for water, and filling the big crock to the brim, and hanging the kettle on the hook, and setting somebody to blow the fire while the gorse flames and crackles, and bustling here and bustling there, and stirring yourself terr'ble, and getting breakfast over, and starting everybody away to his work in the field—aw, there's nothing like it in the world."

"And do *you* think that, Nelly?" said Jenny.

"Why, yes. Why shouldn't I?" said Nelly.

"Well, well," said Jenny. "'There's nowt so queer as folk,' as they say in Manchester."

"What do you mean, Jenny Crow?"

"I fancy I see you," said Jenny, "bowling off to Balla—what d'ye call it?—and doing all that *by yourself*."

"Oh!" said Nelly.

Mrs. Quiggin had begun to speak in a voice that was something between a shrill laugh and a cry, and she ended with a smothered gurgle such as comes from the throat of a peahen. After breakfast Peggy Quine came chirping around with a hundred inquiries about the packing of luggage which was then proceeding, with a view to the carriage that had been ordered for eleven o'clock. Mrs. Quiggin betrayed only the most languid interest in these hurrying operations, and settled herself with her needle-work in a chair near to Jenny Crow.

Jenny watched her, and thought, "Now wouldn't she jump at a good excuse for not going at all?"

Presently Mrs. Quiggin said, in a tone of well-acted unconcern, "And so you say that the poor man you tell me of is still loving his wife, in spite of all she has done to him?"

"Yes, Nelly. All men are like that, more fools they," said Jenny.

Nelly's face brightened over the needles in her hand, and her parted lips seemed to whisper, "Bless them!" But in a note of delicious insincerity, she only said aloud, "Not all, Jenny; surely not all."

"Yes, all," said Jenny, with emphasis. "Do you think I don't know the men better than you do?"

Nelly dropped her needles and raised her face. "Why, Jenny," she said, "how ever can that be? You've never even been married."

"That's why, my dear," said Jenny.

Nelly laughed; then returning to the attack, she said, with a poor pretence at a yawn, "So you think a man may love a woman even after—after she has turned him out of doors, as you say?"

"Yes; but that isn't to say that he'll ever come back to her," said Jenny.

The needles dropped to the lap again. "No? Why shouldn't he, then?"

"Why? Because men are never good at the bended-knee business," said Jenny. "A man on his knees is ridiculous. It must be his legs that look so silly. If I had done anything to a man, and he went down on his knees to me, I would—"

"What, Jenny?"

Jenny lifted her skirt an inch or two, and showed a dainty foot swinging to and fro. "Kick him," she answered.

Nelly laughed again, and said, "And if you were a man, and a woman did so, what then?"

"Why, lift her up and kiss her and forgive her, of course," said Jenny.

Nelly tingled with delight, and burned to ask Jenny if she should not at least let Captain Davy know that she was leaving Douglas and going home. But being a true woman, she asked something else instead.

"So you think, Jenny," she said, "that your poor friend will never go back to his wife?"

"I'm sure he won't," said Jenny. "Didn't I tell you?" she added, straightening up.

"What?" said Nelly, with a quiver of alarm.

"That he's going back to sea," said Jenny.

"To sea!" cried Nelly, dropping her needles entirely. "Back to sea?" she said, in a shrill voice. "And without even saying 'Good-by!'"

"Good-by to whom, my dear?" said Jenny. "To me?"

"To his wife, of course," said Nelly, huskily.

"Well, we don't know that, do we?" said Jenny. "And, besides, why should he?"

"If he doesn't he's a cruel, heartless, unfeeling, unforgiving monster," said Nelly.

And then Jenny burned in her turn to ask if Nelly herself had not intended to do as much by Captain Davy, but being a true woman as well as her adversary, she found a crooked way to the plain question. "Is it at eleven," she said, "that the carriage is to come for you?"

Mrs. Quiggin had recovered herself in a moment, and then there was a delicate bout of thrust and parry. "I'm so sorry for your sake, Jenny," she said, in the old tone of delicious insincerity, "that the poor fellow is married."

"Gracious me! for my sake? Why?" said Jenny.

"I thought you were half in love with him, you know," said Nelly.

"Half?" cried Jenny. "I'm over head and ears in love with him."

"That's a pity," said Nelly; "for of course you'll give him up now that you know he has a wife."

"What of that? If he *has* a wife, I have no husband, so it's as broad as it's long," said Jenny.

"Jenny!" cried Nelly.

"And, oh!" said Jenny, "there is one thing I didn't tell you. But you'll keep it secret? Promise me you'll keep it secret. I'm to meet him again by appointment this very night."

"But, Jenny!"

"Yes, in the garden of this house, by the waterfall, at eight o'clock. I'll slip out after dinner in my cloak with the hood to it."

"Jenny Crow!"

"It's our last chance, it seems. The poor fellow sails at midnight, or to-morrow morning, or to-morrow night, or the next night, or some time. So, you see, he's not going away without saying good-by to somebody. I couldn't help telling you, Nelly. It's nice to share a secret with a friend one can trust, and if he *is* another woman's husband—"

Nelly had risen to her feet, with her face aflame. "But you mustn't do it," she cried. "It's shocking, it's horrible; common morality is against it."

Jenny looked wondrous grave. "That's it, you see," she said. "Common morality always *is* against everything that's nice and agreeable."

"I'm ashamed of you, Jenny Crow. I am; indeed I am. I could never have believed it of you; indeed I couldn't. And the man you speak of is no better than you are, and all his talk of loving the wife is hypocrisy and deceit; and the poor woman herself should know of it, and come down on you both and shame you—indeed she should," cried Nelly; and she flounced out of the room in a fury.

Jenny watched her go, and thought to herself, "She'll keep that appointment for me at eight o'clock to-night by the waterfall." Presently she heard Mrs. Quiggin with a servant of the hotel countermanding the order for the carriage at eleven, and engaging it instead for the extraordinary hour of nine at night. "She intends to keep it," thought Jenny. "And now," she said, settling herself at the writing-table—"now for the *other* simpleton."

"Tell D. Q.," she wrote, addressing Lovibond; "that E. Q. goes home by carriage at nine o'clock to-night, and that you have appointed to meet her for a last farewell at eight by the waterfall in the gardens of Castle Mona. Then meet *me* on the pier at 7.30."

CHAPTER VIII.

Lovibond received this message while sitting at breakfast, and he caught the idea of it in an instant. Since the supper of the night before he had been pestered by many misgivings, and troubled by some remorse. Capt'n Davy was bent on going away. Overwhelmed by a sense of what he took to be his dastardly conduct, he was in that worst position of the man who can forgive neither himself nor the person he has injured. So much had Lovibond done for him by the fine scheme that had brought matters to such a pass. But having gone so far, Lovibond had found himself at a stand. His next step he could not see. Capt'n Davy must not be allowed to leave the island, but how to keep him from going away was a bewildering difficulty. To tell him the truth was impossible, and to concoct a further fable was beyond Lovibond's invention. And so it was that when Lovibond received the letter from Jenny Crow, he rose to the cue it offered like a drowning man to a life-buoy.

"Jealousy—the very thing!" he thought; and not until he was already in the thick of his enterprise as wizard of that passion did he realize that if it was an effectual instrument to this end, it was also a cruel one.

He found Capt'n Davy in the midst of the final preparations for their journey. These consisted of the packing of clothes into trunks, bags, sacks, and hampers. On the floor of the sitting-room lay a various assortment of coats, waistcoats, trousers, great-coats, billycock hats, and sou'westers, together with countless shirts and collars, scarfs and handkerchiefs. At Davy's order Willie Quarrie had gathered up the garments in armfuls out of drawers and wardrobes and heaped them at his feet for inspection. This process they were undergoing with a view to the selection of such as were suitable to the climate in which it was intended that they should be worn. The hour was 8.30 A.M. The *Sneafell* was announced to sail for Liverpool at nine.

But as Lovibond entered the room, a scene of yet more primitive interest was actively proceeding. A waiter of the hotel was strutting across the floor and sputtering out protests against this unseemly use of the sitting-room. The person was the same who the night before had haunted Davy's elbow with his obsequious "Yes, sirs," "No, sirs," and "Beg pardon, sirs"; but the morning had brought him knowledge of Davy's penury, and with that wisdom had come impudence if not dignity.

"The idea!" he cried. "Turnin' a 'otel drawrin'-room into a char-woman's laundry!"

"Make it a rag shop at once," said Davy, as he went on quietly with his work.

"A rag shop it is, and I'll 'ave no more of it," said the waiter, loftily. "Who ever 'eard of such a thing?"

"No?" said Davy. "Well, well, now! Who'd have thought it? You never did? A rael Liverpool gentleman. eh? A reg'lar aristocrack out of Sawney Pope Street!"

"No, sir, but it's easy to see where *you* came from," said the waiter, with withering scorn.

"You say true, boy," said Davy; "but it's aisier still to see where you are going to. Ever seen the black man on the beach at all? No? Him with the performing birds? You know—jacks and ravens and owls and such like. Well, he's been wanting something like you this long time. Wouldn't trust, but he'd give twopence-halfpenny for you, and drinks all round. You'd make his fortune as a cockatoo."

The waiter in fury called down stairs for assistance, and when two of his fellow-servants had arrived in the room, they made some poor show of working their will by force.

Then Davy paused from his work, scratched the under part of his chin with the nail of his forefinger, and said: "Friends, some of us four is interrupting the play, and they're wanting us at the pay-box to give us back the fare. I'm thinking it's you's fellows. What do *you* say? They're longing for you down-stairs. Won't you go? No? You'll not, though? Then where d'ye keep the slack of your trowsis?"

Saying this, Davy rose to his feet, hitched his left hand into the collar of the first waiter, and his right into the depths under his coat tails, and ran him out of the room. Returning for the other two waiters, he did much the same by each of them, and then came back with a look of awe, and said,

"My gough! they must have been Manxmen, after all; they rolled down stairs as if they'd been all legs together."

Lovibond looked grave. "That's going too far, Capt'n," he said. "For your own sake, it's risking too much."

"Risking too much?" said Davy. "There's only three of them."

The first bell rang on the steamer; it was quarter to nine o'clock. Willie Quarrie looked out at the window. The *Sneafell* was lying by the red pier in the harbor, getting up steam, and sending clouds of smoke over the old *Imperial*. Cars were rattling up the quay, passengers were making for the gangways, and already the decks, fore and aft, were thronged with people.

"Come along, my lad; look slippy," cried Davy; "only two bells more, and three hampers still to pack. Tumble them in. Here goes!"

"Capt'n!" said Willie, still looking out.

"What?" said Davy.

"Don't cross by the ferry, Capt'n."

"Why not?"

"They're all waiting for you," said Willie; "every dirt of them all is waiting by the steps. There's Tommy Tubman, and Billy Balla-Slieau, and that wastrel of a church-warden—yes, and there's ould Kennish—they're all there. Deng my buttons! all of them. They're thinking to crow over us, Capt'n. Don't cross by the ferry. Let me run for a car. Then we'll slip up by the bridge yonder, and down the quay like a mill-race, and up to the gangway like smock, and abooard in a jiffy. That's it—yes, I'll be off immadient, and we'll bate the blackguards anyway."

Willie was seizing his cap to carry out his intention of going for a cab in order that his master might be spared the humiliation of passing through the line of false friends who had gathered at the ferry steps to see the last of him; but Davy shouted "Stop!" and pointed to the hampers still unpacked.

"I'm broke," said he, "and what matter who knows it? Reminds me, sir," said Davy, to Lovibond, "of Parson Cowan. The ould man lived up Andreas way, and after sarvice he'd be saying, 'Boys, let's put a sight on the Meth-